[42.]

Dr. Oates's Narrative

OF THE

POPISH PLOT,

VINDICATED:

IN AN

ANSWER

TO A

Scurrilous and Treasonable LIBEL,

CALL'D,

A Vindication of the English Catholicks, from the pretended Conspiracy against the Life and Government of His Sacred Majesty, &c.

By *J. P.* Gent.

Humbly presented to both Houses of Parlament.

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re

To the Moſt Renowned and Moſt Noble

SENATE

OF

EUROPE,

THE

Lords and Commons

OF

ENGLAND

ASSEMBL'D IN

PARLAMENT.

Moſt Illuſtrious and Right Honourable,

A *Certain Pamphlet has lately appear'd in the World without any Name, which has daringly preſum'd to call that* Pretended, *which you have adjudg'd and voted Real, I mean the Popiſh Plot. And indeed it has been one of the chief deſigns of the Papiſts ever ſince the firſt diſcovery, one of their moſt laborious endeavours, as well by Writing as by ſlanderous reports, to vilifie and render inſignificant that Evidence, which you have both approv'd and juſtifi'd; though not before you found it fairly fix'd upon*

on the Baſis of important Truth. However, that they might not triumph in the conqueſts of their Pens, as in the ſucceſs of their buſie Councils, I undertook this brief Eſſay to ſtop the career of the firſt, leaving the greater work to a more mighty Power.

I have not from hence taken any occaſion in the leaſt to wander among other differences among us, but kept to the ſubject; firmly believing the Infallibility of your Counſels after ſuch a ſerious Debate, and that it was impoſſible that your Prudence ſhould be impos'd upon by one ſingle perſon, to weigh and determin as you did. And I thought it would be more for the honour of a National concern to dedicate this ſmall Offering to your Tribunal, then guiltily to put my ſelf forth into the World like the Popiſh Vindicator in diſguiſe. Which is the beſt Apology I can make, for the preſumption of this Publick, but moſt humble Addreſs of

Your Devoted and

Moſt Obedient Servant,

J. Phillips.

Dr. Oats's NARRATIVE OF THE Popiſh Plott VINDICATED:

In ANSWER to

A Scurrilous and Treaſonable LIBEL

CALL'D

A Vindication of the Engliſh Catholicks, &c.

Catiline in the hight and heat of his Impious Conſpiracy, at what time he was deſigning the Murther of the Conſul, the Maſſacre of the *Roman* Fathers, and the Deſtruction of *Rome* it ſelf by Fire and Sword, had yet the Confidence to enter the Senate, and with a plauſible Harangue to juſtifie his Innocency. An attempt almoſt as bold as his March to the intended Sack of his Native Countrey. In like manner an Imp of the ſame Brood, a Traitor of the ſame facinorous Principles (for the Abettors in ſuch important caſes as theſe are as bad as the Contrivers and Actors) after ſuch lucid and apparent Diſcoveries of Papiſtical *Catilines* and *Cethegus*'s, after ſo many Examinations of National Councils and Aſſemblies, ſo many Convictions and Executions, ſo much unwearied pains and high Expences to diſintangle the Guilty from the Noozes of the Law; has preſum'd to ſteal into the World, a malicious piece of Labour in Vain, which he calls in down-right Gibberiſh, *A Vindication of the Engliſh Catholicks from the pretended Conſpiracy againſt the Life and Government of his Sacred Majeſty*. A ſpecious Title indeed, wherein the Venerable Impoſtor, by condeſcending to allow the King his due and undenyable Epithite of *Sacred*, thinks to charm the Readers Ear, and lay the foundation

of his Deluſion. It is a thing very eaſie to aſcribe to the Anointed of God the inſeparable Title of *Sacred*; but whether ſuch a Veneration proceed from the real Motives of Duty and Allegiance, or from the glozing Inducements of conſtrain'd and Time-ſerving Adulation, is many times greatly to be queſtion'd: And indeed never more to be ſuſpected than at this time, from a Perſon who pretends to write a Vindication of the profeſs'd Enemies not only of our moſt Sacred Monarch, but of all Proteſtant, or as they otherwiſe term them, *Heretical Princes*. For if his buſineſs be not to Vindicate thoſe whom we Accuſe, his Vindication ſignifies nothing. I muſt needs ſay indeed, that his Title ſalutes us with the proſpect of a very lame Story, and an Enterprize undertaken by halves, in regard he only takes up the Cudgels for the *Engliſh Catholicks*; as if the *Foreigners* were Saints: But he will find himſelf under a foul miſtake, and that he ought to have prepar'd his Fullers Earth and his Rubbing Bruſh for both alike, both being equally ſully'd with the ſame Crimes, and ſtain'd with the ſame bloody Principles.

The occaſion of the Diſpute is Truth. The Proteſtants would have her on their ſide, the Catholicks court her to take their part. To which purpoſe the private aim of their Vindication is to prove there was no Popiſh Plot; the Publick deſign, to render the Firſt Diſcoverer a meer *Caitiffe*; ſo not to be believd, and conſequently that *England* was at that time and ſtill is govern'd by perſons either ſtrangely credulous, and ſtupidly unwary, or elſe as ſtrangely malicious and Bloodthirſty. Ponderous Acculations to be thrown upon the Government and Religion of a Nation.

In the firſt place therefore it behoves us ſtrictly to Examine, who this *Titan* of a Vindicator is, who ſo boldly dares to Scale the Heaven of Soveraign Majeſty, and impeach at once the Prudence and Juſtice of Three *Kingdoms*. And then for whom all this Buſtle is made, for whom all this Toyl and Labour is undertaken; who theſe pretended Inhabitants of *Salem* are, that breathe out ſuch complaints of wrong and injury. Who if they once appear ſuch as we more than juſtly ſuſpect them to be, will come very far ſhort of their ſwelling Expectations.

There is no queſtion then to be made but that this Potent Vindicator is a *Roman Catholick*; what Title he bears, or what Order he Muſters under, it nothing imports. For of all thoſe Religious Fraternities, confirmed by thoſe Imaginary Vicars of Chriſt, call'd Popes, there is little or no difference to be made. They are all grown corrupt; there is not one doth good, no not one. Pride was the Foundation of their Humility; Impiety of their Devotion, and Intereſt of Eccleſiaſtical Policy confirm'd and ſupported their Hypocriſie.

This is not only one Doctor's Opinion; for take them altogether *Higglede Pigglede*, one with another, and then hear the Character, which the great and Famous *Mezeray*, an Author of their own Profeſſion beſtows upon them. *On ne ſçauroit, ſans rougir Parler*, &c. *We cannot, without Bluſhing*, ſayes he, *ſpeak of the Uſury, the Covetouſneſs, the Drunkenneſs, and Diſſoluteneſs of the Clergy in General; of the Licentiouſneſs and Villanous Debaucheries of the Monks in particular: The Luxury, the Pride and Prodigality of the Prelates;*

the

the ſhameful Sloth, the ſtupid Ignorance and Superſtition both of the one and the other.

In another place the ſame Hiſtorian ſpeaks in general, that *Harry* the fourth, during his Reign, *detected above Fifty Conſpiracies againſt his Life, the moſt of them contriv'd and fomented by the Church-men and Religious Orders.* Upon which he makes this remark; *So many pernicious Effects does indiſcreet zeal produce.*

If you examine in particular the ſeveral Guilds and Societies of thoſe Papiſtical Votaries, that ſo numerouſly overſpread the ſeveral Quarters of *Europe*, you ſhall find the *Benedictines* Taxed and upbraided for their exceſſive Pride of Habit, their Silken Garments and their guilded Shooes, for their Gluttony and Epicuriſm, and for their exceſſive Wine-bibbing, in the primitive times of their Inſtitution. Nay, you ſhall find them conſpiring to Poyſon the Founder *Benedict* himſelf, becauſe he held them too ſtrictly to the Obſervation of his Rules. From this Order ſprang the Monks of *Clugny*, the Monks of *Camaldoli*, *Val' Ombroſa*, *Grandmont*, the *Carthuſians*, the *Ciſtertians* and *Bernardines*, the *Humiliates*, the *Præmonſtrates*, and ſeveral other Petty Orders.

As for the *Humiliates*, who one would in charity think, ſhould have been the moſt harmleſs and Dovelike people in the World, they were ſuch a notorious Generation of Vipers, that *Pius* the V. not able to endure their enormous courſes of living, and terrified with their intended aſſaſſination of Cardinal *Borroméo*, their Protector, aboliſhed the whole Order, and would no longer ſuffer ſuch Vermin within the Limits of his Juriſdiction. Of the Reſt, you have this lovely Character given in general, without any complemental or partial exception, by an ancient *Engliſh* Poet.

Qui duce Bernardo gradiuntur, vel Benedicto,
Aut Auguſtine ſubleviore jugo,
Omnes ſunt fures, quocunque Charactere Sancto
Signati veniant, magnificentque Deum.

Who Bernard's *Rules, or* Benedict's *obey,*
Or covet holy Auſtin's *lighter Yoak,*
They're all a pack of Thieves, however they
Diſguize their Crimes, or falſely God Invoke.

More particularly ſit and admire the heavy Reproaches thrown upon all theſe Sons of *Corah*, ſaid to be the Monks of the third *Claſſis*, by *Bernard* Abbot of *Clairvaux*, for their moſt Nefarious Luxury and Debauchery. *Venter*, ſaith he, *dum neſcit, oneratur*; *ſed varietas tollit faſtidium*; and in another place, *Parcitas putatur avaritia, ſobrietas auſteritas creditur, ſilentiam triſtitia reputatur.*

Petrus Cantor affirms the Monaſtical way of Liviug to be ſupported *Ex fœnoribus & uſuris Avarorum, ex mendaciis deceptionum et deceptionibus mendacium prædicatorum mercenariorum*, &c.

Petrus Cluniacenſis will not allow the Manſions of the Monks to be other than *Synagoga Satanæ.* And of the Reverend Fathers themſelves, ſaith he, *Quid illi ſibi de Monacho præter nomen & habitum vendicant?*

Hono-

Honorius a Presbyter of the Church of *Autun* in *France*, ſpeaking of all the whole Rabble, *Contemplare*, ſaith he, *Monachorum Conciliabula, & videbis in eis Beſtiæ Tabernacula, per habitum ſeculum fallunt, deceptos decepti decipiunt, ſecularibus negotiis impliciti, in ſervitio Dei deſides exiſtunt.*

If you ſurvey the fourth *Claſſis* of Mumpers, Sturdy Beggars, Scrapcravers, and Spittles, of which number are the *Carmelites*, *Dominicans*, *Franciſcans*, *Minors*, &c.

As for the *Carmelites*, certainly a worſe Character cannot well be given to men, than that which *Nicolaus Gullus*, the ſeventh General Maſter of their Order has conferr'd upon them: Who not only in a very high meaſure impeaches their Sloth, their Ignorance, their Luſt and Luxury, but calls them Reprobates, Stigmatiz'd fellows, Vagabonds, Tale-bearers, Citizens of *Sodom*, and the Tail of the Dragon, drawing after it the third part of the Stars. And theſe were they that to uphold the credit of their Mumping Trade, reported and defended it for truth, that the Virgin *Mary* went a Begging.

The *Dominicans* had their riſe from Forgery, Fraud and Impoſture, from feigned Miracles, Viſions and Apparitions of the Mother of Chriſt, now the deriſion and Laughter of the World; and the Infernal Politicks of *Rome*, which having experienced the ſucceſs of their Founder *Dominick*'s Invectives to the utter deſtruction of above a hundred thouſand Murther'd *Albigenſes*, thought it a piece of their Eccleſiaſtical prudence to cheriſh and propagate ſuch dexterous Inſtruments of their Cruelty.

Upon the ſame Foundations were rear'd the great Priviledges of *Franciſcans*, and *Minorites*, whoſe crimes, iniquities, impoſtures, lewdneſs, and Vices of all ſorts and ſizes, have been the Themes that have employed the Pens of ſundry Learned men, that could not forbear to detect their Enormities. Nor could any thing be more infamous in Hiſtory, than that Helliſh piece of Villany which was acted at *Bern* in *Switzerland*, upon occaſion of the difference between the *Minorites* and *Franciſcans*, about the Conception of the Virgin *Mary*. In which Story the Reader may find the very Perſon of Chriſt, the Virgin *Mary*, and two of their own Saints, St. *Barbara*, and St. *Katherine*, moſt audaciouſly rather nefariouſly counterfeited to ſupport their own Aſſertion. The Relation is to be read in *Stumpſius*'s Annals of *Switzerland*. Of theſe *Mendicants*, *Nicolaus Clemangis*, Arch-deacon of *Bayeux*, raiſes a very ſevere and general Queſtion: *Quid commendabile de ipſis dicere poſſumus? Petrus de Aliaco*, a Cardinal, ſtiles them, *Hominibus oneroſos. Polydore Virgil* calls them, *Fraudulentorum hominum Sectam.*

As for the *Jeſuits*, how they have behav'd themſelves in the World, you may eaſily ſee by their Expulſions out of ſo many Kingdoms and Common-wealths: Particularly after that Villanous Attempt upon the Sacred Perſon of *Henry* the fourth by *Jean Chaſtel*, by a particular Act of the Parliament of *Paris*, it was Enacted, *That the Prieſts and Scholars of the Colledge of* Clermont, *and all others of the Society of* Jeſus, *as being corrupters of Youth, diſturbers of the publick Tranquility, and Enemies of the King and Kingdom, ſhould depart the Kingdom in fifteen dayes, and that their Goods and Revenues ſhould be employ'd in Charitable works, as the Parliament ſhould think fit.*

Father

Father *Guignard*, in whoſe Chamber ſeveral Scandalous Libels were found againſt *Henry* the 3d. and *Henry* the 4th. was condemned to be Hanged; and Father *Guerit*, who had been *Chaſtel*'s Tutor, ſentenced to a perpetual Exilement.

Of this ſame myſterious Tribe are all thoſe pretended imitators of *Jeſus*, who having made all *England* ring with their amazing Villanies and Parricides, have made all *Europe* ſtare at the Impudence of their Defences and Denials: For what they cannot Deny, they Vindicate; what they cannot Vindicate, they Deny; as if there were no truth in Hiſtory, and that all were falſhood but what they coyn in their Mints of Lying and Equivocation, to ſupport their unſanctified endeavours to maintain and propagate the power of Antichriſt. I ſay what they cannot Deny, they try to Vindicate. And thus becauſe they could not deny the Murther of *Henry* the third, *Sixtus* the firſt then Pope, had the impudence to applaud the Fact, with the Epethites of *Inſigne & Memorabile, & longè Majus quam illud Sanctæ Judith.* Which when once that Lamb of God, who pretends to forgive all the crimes in the world, had done, no wonder *Mariana* and *Verona* follow'd his ſteps, the one in Vindication of *Jacob Clements*, the other of *John Chaſtel*; no wonder there ſhould be a Book publiſhed at *Doway*, in which the Jeſuits impeach'd the Act of the Parliament of *Paris* of Abſurdity and Injuſtice; or that the Jeſuits ſhould excite, exhort and encourage *Ravaillac* to compleat that unhallowed murther which others had ſo unſucceſsfully attempted. This may ſuffice to give you a ſhort proſpect of the Credit of the whole *Roman Catholick Clergy*, of which I may ſay in brief, as *Callimacus* ſays of the *Cretans*,

Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται: —— Or,

As *Heſiod*, in his Theogonie of the Lying Prieſts of his time,

Ποιμένες ἄγραυλοι, κάκ' ἐλέγχεα, γαστέρες οἶον.

Or rather according to the Character given to the unruly vain Bablers and Deceivers of his time, by St. *Paul*, out of *Epimenides*:

Κρῆτες ἀεὶ ψεῦσται, κακὰ θηρία, γαστέρες ἀργαί.

How then comes it to paſs, that men who for ſo many Ages together have been perſons of a profligate credit, however they may blind the World with an outward Sobriety, they that have long ago forfeited all their Reputation for common Honeſty and Morality; for what ſignifies the Morality of diſcharging the Expences of daily neceſſities between Neighbour and Neighbour? what imports an outward civil converſation in obedience to the Law, when at the ſame time they are clandeſtinely deſigning againſt thoſe very Neighbours to deprive them of their Political Tranquility, and hazarding their Eſtates by Invading the Soveraign Protection of Both. I ſay then how comes it to paſs that ſuch perſons of profligate credit, the profeſſors of a profligate Religion; a vicious and miſhapen Mixture of Ceremony and Superſtition, that will not paſs the Muſter of common Reaſon; ſhould be ſuch Sifters and Winnowers of Truth? What have they to do to be ſo ſtrictly Inquiſitive after the Motes in other mens eyes, that have ſuch maſſy Beams in their own? Why ſhould

it be ſuch an improbability to believe, that people that were ſo active in their Contrivances againſt Q. *Elizabeth*, King *James*, and *Charles* the firſt, ſhould be ſo unlikely to Plot againſt *Charles* the Second. As if the *Roman* Catholicks had but newly entertained the *Charm* of *Sacred* into their Breaſts, and that it was no protection againſt their Violences, when as truly worn by his *Predeceſſors*. With what Impudence can they preſume to be the Judges of the pretended perjuries of other Men, who themſelves trample under foot the ſolemnity of *Swearing*; have invaded and corrupted all the Laws of Teſtimony, and with the Canker and *Aqua fortis* of their Diabolical Equivocations have endeavoured to corrode and diſſolve the very Ligaments and Bands of Humane Societies? Becauſe *they* deny, *we* muſt not be believ'd; becauſe they aſſert, there's no Contradiction to be made againſt them. A moſt ingenious project indeed, to propagate the grand Myſtery of Iniquity. What a golden Age it would be among Thieves and Robbers, Ruffians and Murtherers, and all ſorts of Malefactors, were they but once allow'd to defend their Villanies by their own bare denyal of the facts, or the Recrimitation of their Accuſers. But this Vindicator and his Crew, becauſe they are no better than ſuch, would fain have it ſo to be, that it might be at their own pleaſure to Govern the belief of the World. Becauſe they have render'd all their ſayings, their writings and their Atteſtations of as little Credit as the *Alchoran*; therefore it is a thing impoſſible for any other men to ſpeak Truth. And yet while they are Sweating, Toyling, Moyling, Panting and Labouring to Stop and Undermine the Truth of Evidence, encouraging and employing the debauched Pens of Criminals and Proteſtants in Maſquerade, ſetting their mercenary Emiſſaries for pitiful Rewards and Tavern expences, to fill the Town and Country with their Stories, Lyes and Fables, to delude Belief and trouble the Stream of ſucceeding Hiſtory, they do but act the ſame things of which they accuſe others, rather diſcloſing and evincing than concealing their own ſhame, and manifeſting the Verity of their foul deeds.

Ψευδόμενος ἀεὶς λανθάνει πολὺν χρόνον.

The Truth is always better detected by a Patient ſilence and contempt of Political Malice, than by ſo many boiſtrous, laborious and forced Vindications, which make it Evident that ſo much Buſtle, ſo much ſtir is not for nothing.

They confeſs there was a Plot, but they ſay it was contriv'd by others, and not by them. And to that purpoſe, they endeavour'd to throw their Meal-Tub-ſhams upon the Innocent; But the ſucceſs of the Proof on both ſides was far different; for many of theirs have ſuffer'd, none of ours were ſo much as queſtion'd. And yet ſuch was their Diligence, ſuch the diſcouragement of ours, ſuch the ſtrength of their Party, that perhaps it might have gone hard with ſome perſons, had there been the leaſt appearance of Truth in what was deſign'd by thoſe Knights of the Meal-tub, and crafty Secretaries of Colonel *Maiſel*'s pretended Letters. But all thoſe Elaborate Engines of deceit being Providentially overturn'd and render'd unſucceſsfull, what can men of Reaſon Judge but that all their Windings and Shiftings, all their Forgeries and Reproaches, all their Rolling *Siſyphus*'s Stone, are but the Effects of their diſappointed Fury to ſee their tottering

tottering Religion more weakned and Expugned by their own Diabolical practices, that have thrown upon their Nonſenſical Superſtition the additional ſtains and defilements of Treaſon and Murder, and awaken'd the Jealouſies of all the Princes of *Europe* to put in Execution the Motto of *Lewis* the XII. *Perdam Baylylonis Nomen*, more than all the Oppoſition either of *Germany* or *Geneva*.

Seeing then all the ſeveral Orders of the *Roman* Clergy, and this Vindicator of the *Ingliſh Catholicks*, being of the ſame Gang, are ſo far from being Perſons of Credit, that they are not only the Subject of every Satyrical Pen, but the Religious Scorn and Indignation of ſo many good and grave Men of their own Profeſſion; we may preſume that thoſe Thunder-bolts of *Perjury* and concocted Lyes which they toſs with ſo much Rage at others, will not prove ſo Fatal as vain Malice ſuggeſts to men of their own lewd Principles.

Now then to the Particular difference between the Vindicator and Dr. *Oats*. And firſt let us ſee whence comes this diſmal Shower of broad Arrows, and barbed Defiances. It ſeems, *Non omne malum ab Aquilone*; a little bruſh of Misfortune from the South, St. *Omers* and *Doway* muſt Club to vindicate the *Ingliſh Catholicks*. Two Reverend Seminaries of Miſchief, where are the beſt Forges and the beſt Artiſts, as Famous for Forming Lyes and Reproaches againſt the Proteſtants, as the Workmen of *Montpellier* for making of Tweezers. What Inſtructors of Youth they are, is yet freſh in Memory, upon their ſending ſuch a Knot of young Striplings, furniſhed and fortified with all the Sleights of Equivocation, to lye and forſwear themſelves for Conveniency; a Vertue which the *Jeſuits* thought both Rationable and Juſtifiable, as being Applauded by *Lucians Philoſpeudes*, the Vindicators particular Author. So that I am afraid there is but little hopes of Truth to come from either of theſe places, where the Maſters are ſo ready, and the Scholars ſo apt to learn the Myſtery of Lying. His Addreſs to the Reader, he calls to the *Courteous Reader* (for indeed the Reader muſt be very courteous that takes notice what he ſays) and tells him, he is *to examine a Pamphlet, which is ſingular in its kind*. He means ſomething elſe, whatever it is; help him Mrs. *Cellier*. For certainly this was not the firſt detection that ever was made of Popiſh Conſpiracy and Treaſon in *England*, and therefore not ſingular in its kind. But he endeavours to explain himſelf, ſaying, *It is an Original; for its Author found none to copy:* and he *hopes none will ever copy him*. In truth, I don't underſtand him yet; 'twas very diſcourteouſly done to chop Nonſence upon a courteous Reader at the firſt daſh. It was a violent ſtrain to uſher in a Quibble. But whatever the Vindicator meant, the Author of the Original never meant it ſhould be other. He does well to confeſs it an *Original*; for then you may be ſure it was the Authors own.

No work, he ſays, *ſo like the True Narrative, as* Lucians *True Hiſtory*. What did this Fool mean to bring the *True Narrative* and *Lucian's True Hiſtory* together, between which there is no more Paralell or Similitude than between an Oyſter and a Pippin. If he did it to ſhew his Learning, he is curſedly miſtaken to conclude the falſhood of the true Narrative from the truth of *Lucians* true Hiſtory. For to tell him the truth, Lucian's *true Hiſtory* is no true Hiſtory; ſo that by the force of his Antitheſis, *Lucians* true Hiſtory being feigned, the *True Narracive* muſt be *true*. However like one that never read *Lucians* true Hiſtory,

ty, he eſſayes to make out his Compariſon, and ſayes, *Lucians true Hiſtory is witty, the True Narrative ſtupid.* Go on —— *That delights, this grieves; That laughs, this bites.* A very pretty deſcription of a true Hiſtory. However in ſo doing, it did the Office it was intended for; it did both grieve and bite, but none but thoſe that deſerved it, which was a greater Argument of its being true, than any the Vindicator has brought out of *Lucian* to prove it falſe. So that I am apt to believe, this Conceit of the Vindicators was conceived in his Heel; as *Lucian*, in his True Hiſtory tells ye, the Men in the Moon conceived, and not in his Head. However he has placed it in the Foretront of his Battel, to ſhew ye the ſtrength of his Imagination.

He ſayes, *He never ſaw the man.* Non imperte —— *and ſo knows nothing of him but by hear-ſay, and his works, which diſcover his better part, his ſoul*: I find the ſhallow Vindicators Proſpective-glaſs was too ſhort to diſcover his Soul; but as to his Body, it being allowable among the *Jeſuits* to abuſe thoſe they never ſaw in their lives, he adds, *That his Phyſiognomy in a Pamphlet* is ſaid *to be an Index to all Villany, and that any letter'd man may read* Rogue *in his face.* This denotes in the Vindicator two Jeſuitical perfections, Malice and Raſcality, from the ſingle authority of a Pamphlet to call a man *Rogue*, that he never ſaw in his life. And who wrote this Pamphlet? A certain Fortune-teller of their own Gang. A very eaſie way of defamation, to borrow Reproaches from one another. However there be that ſay, if they had had his face, they would not have chang'd it with any of the five Jeſuits that were hang'd. *Certain it is, that being preſented to the Biſhop of St.* Omers *for Confirmation, he ſtopt when he came to* Oats, *becauſe he doubted whether his heart was prepared to receive the Holy Ghoſt, the Spirit of Love, in whoſe face He perceived ſigns of great Malice.* It ſeems then, the Vindicator *Berogu'd* the man he never ſaw, by his own Confeſſion, upon truſt; the more Knave he for his pains; for he was not certain of the firſt, but he is certain of This. And what does this ſignifie? As if the Biſhop of St. *Omers* ſpoke nothing but Goſpel. Men muſt be ſcandaliz'd by ſuch Enemies to Truth as the Vindicator, becauſe ſuch diſciples of *Artemidorus*, as the Biſhop of St. *Omers*, ſhoot their fools bolts at Random againſt a Young Scholars face. An excellent Reward for a Proſelite that came to be admitted into their foppiſh Religion. But to return your Biſhop Phyſiognomie for his Phyſiognomie; St. *Francis*, one of his great Saints, was ſuch a contemptible, ill-look't, beetle-brow'd fellow, that when he came to *Innocent* the Third for the Confirmation of his Rule, the Pope bid him *go wallow with the Hogs, (for whom he was fitter company than for men) and not trouble him with his Rules.* So much may the Pope, much more the Biſhop of St. *Omers*, be deceived in Humane Phyſiognomie.

The Vindicator goes on; *He ſtiles himſelf* (quoth he) *Doctor of Divinity, and ſayes he commenced Doctor at* Salamanca. *Which cannot be; Firſt, for he never was at* Salamanca.

To which the Doctor anſwers, That it may be, for Firſt, he was at *Salamanca*. Now whether the Doctors Argument be not as good as the Vindicators, I leave to any ordinary Logician: Nay it is more probable that the Doctor ſhould know whether he was at *Salamanca* or no, than a man that never ſaw him in his life.

Secondly,

Secondly, *None but Prieſts*, ſaith He, *are admitted to that Degree in Catholick Univerſities, and he never was a Prieſt.*

To this the Doctor makes anſwer, that the *Vindicator* is in a very great errour: For that Father *Landayada*, when he was only a *Clericus Minor* was made a Doctor, and that he was not made a Prieſt till ſome time afterwards. But the Doctor could not ſtay for his Prieſthood, becauſe of his urgent occaſions in *England*.

Then the Vindicator tells ye a ſtory of the *Archbiſhop* of *Tuam*, how the Doctor *wrote to him for Holy Orders*, which the Biſhop deny'd him, becauſe of the *ill Character* he heard *of* his *Life* and *Manners*.

Who does this Vindicator write to? certainly not to the Proteſtants; and then what does his Vindication ſignifie? Here is an *Iriſh* Prieſt, that pretends to an Archbiſhoprick in the King of *Englands* Dominions, to which he has no more right than *Tom Thumb*, one that lives under the ill Character of an Exile, a Renegado, one that has renounc'd his Allegiance to his Soveraign, and as a Foreigner gives Him only the Title of *Moſt Serene King of Great Britain*; and becauſe this Hedge Archbiſhop would not give the Doctor what he had no Power or authority to conferre, and to excuſe himſelf pretends an *ill Character* of the Doctor, therefore this muſt paſs for currant. 'Tis eaſily believ'd, that they who uſurp all the good Characters to themſelves, have none to ſpare for the Doctor, the Capital Enemy of their Treaſons and Impieties. It argues nothing but meer ſpite and malice to lay general Accuſations againſt a mans Phyſiognomy, and reproach him with the general Term of an *ill Character*, when they lay nothing in particular to his charge. And ſo good night to this ſilly Objection.

Thirdly, *He had not Learning ſufficient for any Degree in a Catholick Univerſity.* That's ſtrange! How then come ſo many Dunces, Blockheads, *Ignoramus*'s and ſtupid Theologiſts, to obtain their Degrees in Catholick Univerſities. A thing ſo common, that there is nothing more frequently complain'd of than the doltiſh Ignorance of the *Romiſh* Clergy. But the Doctor tells the Vindicator, that he is ſtill reſolv'd to aſſume the Title in ſpite of his teeth; and ſtill aſſerts it to be his Right; and that he had once a fair *Diploma* to have juſtifi'd the Truth of it, (if any truth may be juſtifi'd to ſuch opinionated and headſtrong Mules as the Vindicator and his Gang) but that *Fenwick*, *White*, and *Wilmot* riff'd his Study, and took it from him, as the Monks of *Douay* ſerv'd a reformed Brother of Theirs, by robbing him of his Letters of Orders, to the end he might not be able to juſtifie his Ordination. Nevertheleſs the Doctor is not ſo bare of Teſtimony, but that *Fenwicks* Papers ſufficiently witneſs'd before the Lords, that the Charges of his Proceeding at *Salamanca* were payd by the Society here in *London*: A fair Argument, that the Dr. had as much Learning as the *Quoter* of *Lucians True Hiſtory*, and as well deſerved his Degree for it, as He will do for his *Vindication*. And thus the *Vindicator*, againſt his will, happens to ſpeak an unlucky piece of Truth, That the Doctors *Doctorſhip and Papiſts Treaſon were both hammer'd on the ſame Anvil.* For no queſtion but *Salamanca* was as deeply concern'd in the Plot as St. *Omers*.

Now, quo he, *I appeal to all who know any thing of the Jeſuites, whether it be credible that* Oats *a Scholar, ſhould be employ'd in Negotiations of State, of moſt dangerous nature and higheſt conſequence?*

Oh! are ye come to your Appeals? Then we ſhall deal well enough with ye.

Who would think it *credible* that the *Jeſuites*, thoſe Doctors of Policy, thoſe Engroſſers and Foreſtallers of Learning, ſhould employ ſuch a pitiful

poor *Scholar*, as *Jean Chaſtell* the Son of a Draper, in ſuch a *Negotiation of State*, of ſuch a *moſt dangerous Nature and higheſt conſequence*, as the Murther of a Sacred King? Who would think that that ſame *Pythagoras* of a *Jeſuite*, ſhould run the Riſco of being his Tutor and Inſtructer to prepare him for the fact? And yet ſo it was without any Equivocation, and there was a fair Attempt made, for which the *Jeſuits* were expell'd *France*, Father *Guignard* was hang'd, and the Philoſopher *Gueret* condemned to perpetual Baniſhment.

Now after all this, who would think the Jeſuits and other Papiſts ſhould be ſo impudent, as to come with their *Iſs* and *Ands*, and *How is it probables*, to Vindicate themſelves from the Guilt of the Aſſaſſination? Who would think they ſhould go about to lay their Crimes upon the *Huguenots*, as the Vindicator and his Gang lately endeavour'd to father their Treaſons upon the *Presbyterians*? and yet they were ſo Impudent, and did ſo. For with your good leave, Mr. Vindicator, *Litera Scripta manet*, there's no fence againſt the Record of allow'd Hiſtory.

The Author of the Libel Printed at *Doway*, againſt the *Decree* of the Parliament of *Paris*, was ſo confident as to averr, that it was *Fram'd and compos'd on purpoſe to render the Jeſuits Odious. How is it probable*, cryes the ſame Author, *that* Chaſtel, *ſuch a Proficient in Philoſophy, ſhould ſuffer himſelf to be perſwaded, that Kings might be Murther'd? How is it likely, that* Chaſtel *ſhould ſo poſitively affirm, that ſuch approv'd Doctors ſhould write and teach the ſame?*

So that the courteous Reader may plainly ſee, this way of *Iffing* and *Anding*, and *Appealing*, is no more than their old way of Shamming and Shifting, reviv'd by the *Compendium*, and imitated again by this ſame Learned Reader of *Lucian*. Certain it is, they could not be without ſome body to do the Drudgery of Tranſaction: And why their Pupil *Oats*, a Scholar, as they themſelves call him, might not be as fit a perſon to go of their Meſſages, carry their Letters and open 'em by the way, as any of their learned Prieſts; why he might not be thought to have behav'd himſelf ſo well among them, as to be truſted, and entruſted, and truſted again, there has nothing happen'd in the ſequel of his conduct that could make any man think the contrary. Neither indeed was there that vaſt difference between the Doctors deſpiſed parts, and the Elevated Capacities of them that were hang'd, but that he might be an Aſſociate with better men than they at any time. And there is no greater Argument of his being one of their Chief Inſtruments, than the Miſtaken Judgment that they made of his Phyſiognomy. For the Vindicator confeſſes they *intended him much good, if his nature had been ſusceptible of good Advice*. Otherwiſe 'twas very ill done of the *Jeſuits*, ſo lovingly to entertain a perſon in whoſe face they *read Rogue*, and was ſo obnoxious for the Ill *Characters* of his *Life* and *Manners*, but that through thoſe very Errors of their ſilly skill in Phiſiognomy, they look'd upon him as a fit Engine to carry on their deſigns. So that from his own concluſion revers'd, ſince there was nothing of Strangeneſs or Improbability in the Plot, as being a common piece of Papiſtical practice, it is as little ſtrange or Improbable, that *Oats a Schollar* ſhould be employed in it.

He would perſwade us in the next place, that the *Doctor* was *never employ'd by Jeſuits*, becauſe he ſays, he knew the Generals *Hand and Seal*, and had ſeveral times ſeen his Name; Yet in the firſt place, *never hit his name right*. It might be very true that the Doctor had ſeen his name, and yet never ſee it truly

truly written. 'Tis a frequent thing in *England* for ſtrangers to miſſpell one anothers names, and it is as frequent to proſecute and ſue perſons by names mis-ſpelt, and yet ſuch a Miſnomer invalidates neither the Proſecution nor the Action. He was right in the bulk of the name *Oliva*; whether it were *De Oliva*, or *Di Oliva*, or *D' Oliva*, it was not a ſtraw matter, neither were the Letters tak'n in *White*'s Chamber produc'd to prove the wrong or right ſpelling of the General's name, but that he was guilty of the Plot; which doing ſo effectually as they did, 'twas not material to examin whether *D' Oliva*'s name were ſpelt right or no.

He ſays the Doctor miſtakes the Inſcription of the Seal, and that *there never was a* Σ *in any Jeſuits Seal.* A General and therefore very bold aſſertion. And yet he confeſſes the Seal varies, and ſometimes contains one thing, then another. But what is this to the purpoſe? for throughout all the true Narrative the Doctor does not undertake to tell the *Inſcription* of the *Jeſuits Seal.* He ſaies indeed in his true *Narrative*, that *I. H. S.* ſignified the *Jeſuits*: He alſo ſays that the Commiſſions to the chief Conſpirators *were ſtamped by the General of Jeſuits*, but concerning the form or faſhion of the Seal, there is not one ſingle Syllable. The Vindicators buſineſs is to anſwer the true Narrative; if he do not that, he does nothing. Alas poor ſilly *Woodpecker!* He come to ſtrike at the root of a diſcovery with ſuch dull Tools as theſe! I had thought he would have brought ſuch diſmal Inſtruments of Ruin, that would have diſplay'd the very Foundations of the Tower of *Babel*, that he would have put off his Doublet, fallen to work, and outdone *Hercules*'s twelve Labourers: Inſtead of this, he comes in ſneaking like ſome ſuperannuated Pigmy, with a couple of formal ſentences, which his Grandmother taught him, or elſe collected out of *Gregories Morals*, or ſome ſuch muſty Author; as if he had quitted the force of Reaſon, and intended to proceed by the more lazy way of *Miracle.* Alas! we knew that *the ſpeaking of material contradictions weaken the Credit of a Witneſs*; we knew what *Truth*, and *Falſhood* were, without the aid of his Nonſenſical Information. Then he rambles into the Tryals of *Ireland*, *Coleman* and *Langhorn*, which no way belong to his Province, and for Reply to which we ſhall referr the Reader to Dr. *Oats*'s Vindication in Anſwer to the *Compendium*, from whence this feeble Vindicator has riff'd both his matter and his Obſervations.

Then he proceeds and ſays, *The Doctor declar'd in Parliament, He had no body conſiderable to accuſe beſides thoſe he had nam'd, but after he accuſed ſome of the very Prime, whom before he had not nam'd.*

From this Suggeſtion, though abſolutely falſe, the *Vindicator* would have the Dr. *Evidently perjur'd.* To which purpoſe he ſets up a Court of Judicature conſiſting of himſelf, and by the help of a Scrap of *Latin*, and a verſicle of Scripture nothing to the purpoſe (as being far more applicable to himſelf and his party) condemns the Doctor, and declares himſelf ſatisfi'd.

And thus you ſee, *Gentlemen*, the *Vindicator* has got a great Victory; he has convinc'd himſelf; and ſo there's one of his great Labours over. One would have thought he would have ſtop'd here, as believing the World would have been fully ſatisfied in his Judgment. But he proceeds and ſayes, *the manner of the Accuſation is ſuch, as any Knave by his Oath might bring any perſon in Queſtion.* He means, the Accuſation was an Accuſation; for all the World knows, an Accuſation juſtified upon Oath, will bring the Parties accuſed into Queſtion. But Accuſations of that Importance as are contain'd in the *True* Narrative, are too high attempts to be carryed on by ordinary *Knaves*, but only ſuch extraordinary Knaves as themſelves; ſuch as they that had ſo lately contriv'd to put their Shamms upon the Innocent, to cover their

own

own ſhame. But there was this difference between the Doctors Accuſation and theirs, that his was providentially upheld, theirs by Providence confounded.

We have a long ſtory, quoth the Vindicator, *of Treaſonable Words ſpoken, and Treaſonable Letters written by ſeveral, who all proteſt they never heard of any ſuch thing, till* Oats's *Narrative appear'd.* Aſſuredly this *Fop* of a *Vindicator* wrote his Vindication to be laught at; for men were not ſuch Fools to betray themſelves. And yet in ſome meaſure by the help of their dear Minion, Equivocation, they proteſted the Truth. They did not believe they had ſpoken Treaſonable Words, or written Treaſonable Letters, till the Doctors Narrative appearing, both their Words and Letters were ſo adjudged: but then it ſeems their Ears were open'd; and you do not hear the Vindicator urge their Proteſtation any farther than the appearing of the Narrative. The Story of *Bedingfield*, as he by his own Confeſſion relates it out of a Pamphlet, ſcribl'd by one of his confederates (by which you may ſee from what Muck-hills of Treaſon he rakes his ſcoundrel Obſervations) to ſpeak his own Language, is a wicked Lye. For *Bedingfield* knew there was a Pacquet lay for him at the Poſt-houſe; but not daring to fetch it himſelf, ſent a Friend for it, and when he had it, ſhew'd it another Cordial Friend, beſought him to carry the Letters to Court, and to improve them to the beſt advantage (which the Vindicator calls *doing his Duty*:) Thereupon the Letters were ſhewn in Council as diſown'd by *Bedingfield*, and an Argument drawn from thence of the Improbability of the Plot, that men ſhould of themſelves produce Letters of that conſequence; but *Bedingfield* being ſent for to be examin'd about them, could not be found high nor low; he had prudently withdrawn himſelf out of harms way. The Story of *Atalanta* had taught *Bedingfield* that piece of cunning; who not daring to truſt himſelf to an Eſcape with ſuch papers about him, like thoſe that ſcatter Gold to prevent the ſwiftneſs of purſuit, ſent his troubleſome Pacquet to employ the debates of the Council, when the buſineſs was new and ſcarcely believ'd, while he ſhifted for himſelf. Otherwiſe Father *Bedingfield* might as well have carryed his Innocent Pacquet to Court himſelf, as have troubled his Friend. And it had been a noble piece of ſervice for ſuch a *Grave Father* to have appear'd, and by the Diſcovery of the Doctors Knavery, as they call it, to have diverted the Tempeſt ſo blackly threatning the heads of his dear friends. But to give the Vindicator Scripture for Scripture, out of the very next words to his Quotation, in the firſt *Epiſtle* to *Timothy*;

Ὡσαύτως γὰρ καλὰ ἔργα πρόδηλά ἐστι, καὶ τὰ ἄλλως ἔχοντα κρυβῆναι οὐ δύναται.

The reſt of the Paragraph is meer Canting and Mockery of God and Men; the more ridiculous for his quotation of *Whitebread*. As if he had no other ſupports for his Vindication than the Hypocritical Ejaculations of Executed Traytors.

But now he will *follow the Deponent ſtep by ſtep*. There's ſomething in that, for all this while he has done nothing. *And what* he *ſays*, ſhall be confirm'd *by* the *undoubtedly true Atteſtation* of Arch-biſhop of *Tuam*, the perjur'd Frye of St. *Omers* and *Doway*, the Jeſuits of the Confederacy, and the reſt of his bloody *Canaille*; Murtherers ſhall give it ye under their hands they are no Murtherers, and Traitors atteſt they are no Traitors. Drive on Coachman. *For though in Equity our bare Denyal ought to be preferr'd before his Aſſeverations*, when the *Vindicator* is Chancellor, not otherwiſe; *for, in dubio favendum eſt reo, prius quam Actori*, which is utterly deny'd him, when hitherto neither Juſtice nor Reaſon have made

made any doubt of the Guilt of his Party; *Yet he will prove irrefragably what he advances*; that is, if he can. However his heart is good, and he promiſes fair; ſo that if the old Proverbs of *Curſt Cows* and *Threatned Folks* do not help us, we are all at a loſs. In the two following Paragraphs you ſhall find him Accoutring Himſelf to make his publick Entry, putting on the Vizor of a ſtarched Humility, dreſſing himſelf in all Habiliments of Diſſimulation and Hypocriſie, Flattering the King whom he abhorrs in his heart, Colloguing with the Parliament which he abominates, and acting all the tricks of Jeſuitical Mountebankry that St. *Omers* Magazine could furniſh him withall.

He ſays, he will not *repeat the Seditious and Traiterous words of his Majeſties Sacred Perſon*; that is to ſay, he owns 'em all to be true, and therefore he will not put himſelf upon impoſſibilities, to Vindicate the *Engliſh Catholicks* in this particular. As for his complement to His Majeſty, 'tis only to be lookt upon as the forced Effect of Papiſtical Diſpenſation, neceſſary at this conjuncture. There's never a time that he calls the King *Sacred*, but he receives Abſolution. Elſe he would endure a long demorage and a ſevere chaſtiſement in Purgatory, to call that perſon *Sacred* whom he knows to be Excommunicated by his Lord God the Pope, and depriv'd of his Dominions by his Eccleſiaſtical Cenſures. *Certainly*, ſaies he, the words *were never ſpoken by any Papiſt, Prieſt or Jeſuit*. Certainly they were; and ſome of them were hang'd for their pains; nor is it the firſt time they have done ſo. The Papiſts, and among them the Monks and Jeſuits, were they that unking'd *Henry* the 3d. of *France*, and left him nothing but the bare Title of *Henry Valois*.

The Monks and Jeſuits were they that made the Pulpits of *Paris* ring with their Rebellious Declamations againſt their Soveraign. And the whole Faculty of Theology then among the Papiſts eſteemed the chiefeſt of *Chriſtendom*, gave it for their Opinions, that the *French* were Abſolv'd from their Allegiance to *Henry* of *Valois*. And does the Vindicator believe there were neither Papiſts, Monks nor Jeſuits of that Facalty?

——*Credat Judæus Apella.*

What Prieſt, Monk or Jeſuit durſt give the Title of *Sacred* to *Henry of Navarr*, whom *Sixtus* the V. their Head and Lord, by whom they all ſubſiſt, had condemned for a Heretick, depriv'd of his Dominions, and declared incapable of Succeeding to the Crown. The *Pope*, the *Sorbonne*, the *Jeſuits*, and allmoſt all the *New Orders of Religion*, (among which we are to believe there were neither Papiſts nor Monks) were they that contriv'd and fomented the League of the *French* Papiſts againſt their two Soveraigns, *Henry* the 3d, and *Henry* the 4th. Father *Claude Matthieu*, a Jeſuit, was call'd *Le Courier de la ligne*, becauſe of his continual Poſting to *Rome* for the advancement of that Rebellion. And can any man be ſo ſtupid as to imagin, that all this while thoſe Fryars, Monks and Jeſuits, never ſpoke treaſonable words, when they utter'd nothing but Treaſon in their Pulpits; never wrote Treaſonable Letters, without which ſuch a Rebellion could never be carryed on; or believ'd the Title of *Sacred* belong'd to Pope-condemn'd and Anathema'd Princes?

——*Credat Judæus Apella.*

I fetch not theſe Inſtances out of Proteſtant Records, but from their

 own

own Hiſtorians. From whence I argue the Falſhood and Arrogance of this quacking Vindicator, and by which all men of Sence and Story may ſee what credit there is to be given to the reſt that follows.

Did he *ſee* his *Obſervations would be Offenſive to any in Authority, he would ſuppreſs them.* No, no —'tis well enough; For though this ſentence of the Vindicators be an Impudent Reflection upon the Supream Authority of *England*, and thoſe who at preſent Govern the Helm of State, yet ſome compaſſion may be ſhew'd to his ſawcy Suppoſition, and pretended Blindneſs, in regard that by divulging his inconſiderate Malice, he has rather juſtified the proceedings of thoſe in Authority, than Vindicated thoſe Miſcreants whom they puniſhed. *The Lords Spiritual and Temporal* are mightily beholding to him for his Acknowledgments, though 'tis verily ſuppos'd, They will hardly return him their Thanks, unleſs he will vouchſafe to come over and fetch it himſelf. He did ill, when he was in ſuch a Courteous vein, not to thank 'em too for Voting what was diſcover'd in the Narrative to be Truth: Then the diſproof of the true Narrative would render him an *Illuſtrious Vindicator* indeed. Nothing could be ſufficient for his recompence, but the Pontificate it ſelf. But the lewd progreſs he makes preſages ſo ill of his ſide, that if he ever come to preferment in the Church, it muſt be by his Duncery, and not by his Ingenuity.

But now he returns to the King, and *hopes His Majeſty will not be diſpleaſed with harmleſs Endeavours to Vindicate perſons wrongfully accuſed.* He forgets his Title of *Sacred* already; and Blaſpheming that *Sacred* Majeſty which he pretends to reverence, preſumes to tell the King, that thoſe perſons whoſe Crimes and Treaſons he himſelf had ſo patiently and with ſo much conſideration examin'd, were *wrongfully accuſed.* Yet not content with this, under the diſguiſe of humble Admonition, from his Caſtle of St. *Omers*, more daringly aſſails his *Sacred* Honour, and Taxes him of ſhedding Innocent Blood. Who would not now believe this Miſcreant Vindicator Himſelf, to be one of thoſe that contriv'd the Aſſaſſination of his *Sacred* Perſon, that ſo irreligiouſly Attacks and Undermines his Sacred Reputation? And what is all this clamor for? Onely for putting to deſerved Death a company of Varlets and Vagabonds, who ought to have been hang'd, if for nothing elſe, for only Scaperloytring within the forbidden Limits of his Dominions. He is now got into a Preaching humour, and ſayes, *Defence of Life and Honour is commanded by the Law of Nature.* 'Tis ſo, and therefore his moſt Sacred Majeſty is reſolv'd to take the beſt care he can to preſerve his own, and the Life and Honour of his Subjects, from the Villanous Attempts of the *Vindicator* and his Conſederates. *For,* purſues he, *ſhould we admit the Reproaches of Traitors, Conſpirators, Plotters, King-killers,* &c. *we were not fit to live in any State.* 'Tis very true; and therefore becauſe they could not avoid thoſe Reproaches, that's the very reaſon they have been expell'd out of ſo many States and Kingdoms, and particularly out of This. And ſo to his

Obſervations on the Epiſtle Dedicatory.

He begins, *Mr. Oats* ———
Well ——— here Friend ——— what's your buſineſs?
Why,—— *If all you ſay in your Narrative be true, if the Conſpiracy be real* ——— &c. —— then ſo.

But

But if the Plot be feigned, if the whole Information be a heap of Lies, if the perſons accuſed be innocent, &c.—— then ſo——

A very worſhipful Speech in good ſooth—— for the which,

——*Dii te, Damaſippe, deæq;*
——*donent Tonſore*———

It is a very irrefragable Argument indeed, and I ſuppoſe ſuch a one as they call at St. *Omers*, *Argumentum ad Hominem*; that is, the Vindicator calls to Mr. *Oats*, being a Man, and tells him, If it be ſo—'tis ſo—If it be otherwiſe— 'tis otherwiſe—— From whence I argue, that if the Logick of St. *Omers* be no profounder, it may be eaſily fathom'd.

Well then for once we will grant, that if the Doctors Narrative be true, he merits Reward; if falſe, he deſerves Puniſhment. Now what's the Conſequence? Why the Conſequence is this. If the Narrative be *falſe*, *no Crime can be greater than* His. If *true*, *no reward can be too great.* I appeal to both the Univerſities, whether this be not acutely argued? But, Heaven be prais'd, the Logical fit is over, and the *Vindicator* betakes himſelf to his former method of rambling Diſcourſe, which better agrees with his humour, if I may not ſay Capacity.

You boaſt, ſaith the Vindicator, *of your inbred Loyalty, which neither your Education nor your Diſcourſe confirm.* Suppoſe a man be bred a *Turk* or a *Jew*, what is that to the purpoſe how he was educated in his Youth? He left his Fathers Education, and came to you to St. *Omers* for Breeding; why did not you teach him better? We had thought you had intended your Vindication againſt the Doctor, not his Father. Now for his Diſcourſe, you ſay, the Doctor *calls concealing Treaſons and concurring with Treaſons (the ſubject of his Majeſties Pardon) Human frailties, as if he eſteem'd them little Peccadillo's, and Venial ſins.* Pray, Mr. Vindicator, where were your Brains? or how long did you ſcratch before you hit upon this learned Expoſition of yours. For he ſayes no ſuch words, and the ſence of what he writes you moſt falaciouſly miſinterpret. The Doctor ſayes only this, that the Narrative had its *riſe* from his *inbred Loyalty*, and credits *ſupport* under God to *his Majeſties gracious Pardon for ſeveral humane frailties in the Management*: As much as to ſay, His Majeſties Gracious Pardon of ſeveral Humane frailties in the conduct of his diſcovery, were the ſupport of it againſt the Machinations of ſuch ſubverters of Truth as the Vindicator. His Pardon for concealing your Treaſons, and concurring with your Crew, was a Pardon of another nature, which there was no occaſion here to mention: By the way, good Mr. *Screw-ſence*, in your Reply, be ſure to tell us what you mean by *Little Peccadillo's*.

To what the Doctor ſays, *That the many encroachments of the Papiſts upon Princes for theſe thouſand Years, prove their Inclinations for the future.* You anſwer, *What will the Encroachments of the Presbyterians prove?* What's that to you, or what is it to the purpoſe? The Encroachments of the Presbyterians are no Excuſes of the Encroachments of the Papiſts. The Presbyterians ſtick ſtrangely in your Stomach. I find you want Employment. You would fain animate the Proteſtant Princes againſt the *Presbyterians*. 'Tis true, we know you could help 'em to a Maſſacre or two at a ſhort Warning. But at preſent there is no ſuch occaſion. In the mean time, what ſay you to the Encroachments of the Papiſts? That's your Charge. With much adoe at length you ſay, That the Rebellions, which you mincingly call the *Diſorders* of the Catholicks, were *like Agues in the Spring, neither painful nor dangerous,*

and

and leave the Body more healthy than before. So you conclude that the Papists may be Rebels, massacre, murder, play the Devils with two Sticks, 'tis all for the health of a Kingdom. So you murder'd *Henry* the third, and *Henry* the fourth, for the Health of the Kingdom? God preserve *England* from your Papistical Agues. Here's a Vindicator of the *Inglish Catholicks* indeed, to support and encourage Treason, while he endeavours to vindicate 'em from it! The *Catholicks* have great hopes of your destroying the True Narrative.

He is offended that the Dr. Charges the late *unnatural War* upon the *Papists*. But 'tis very true, for all his Ale and History; for had not the Papists perpetrated that Inhumane Massacre in *Ireland*, those other heats of a few violent Spirits had soon been overmaster'd. But when the Papists by that bloody means had conjur'd up the fears and jealousies of the Nation for the common safety, 'twas high time to disarm Papists, and put Priests and Jesuits to death. Afterwards, when the Kingdom was all in a Combustion, the Papists flock'd to the King not so much out of Loyalty, as to protect themselves from the Revenge that threaten'd the Crimson Fact they had committed. Then for the service they did the King, it was none at all, but rather an injury; for they did but weaken and pull down his, as the *Huguenots* by adhering to *Henry* the third, advanced and Strengthened the Duke of *Guises* party, to the destruction of both those unfortunate Monarchs. We could give the *Vindicator* a cluster of Evidences of the Disloyalty of the *Inglish Catholicks* to their Native Soveraigns. Particularly, how unlikely a thing it is, that they who would have murthered King *James* in his Cradle, should prove Loyal to his Father? that they should fight out of Loyalty for the preservation of his Majesties Crown, and the Protestant Cause? No, no, they hop'd by that Disunion, which they appear'd in only to advance and render more desperate, that there would be no need of Catholick Arms to reduce them to the *Romish* Church, but that in time they would pave the way to it themselves. But being defeated of their hopes, then they fell to their old way of Plotting, according to the method of the Doctors Narrative. Had the Dr. added, that the Papists were the first Contrivers of the late Wars for the *health* of the Nation, the Vindicator would have been pleased; but because he did not, therefore he was displeased: And because he cannot be reveng'd upon the Doctor, therefore he falls pell mell again upon the *Presbyterian*, asking questions with one side of his Mouth, and answering them with the other. Who did this? The Presbyterians; Who did that? The Presbyterians. Who did the t'other thing? The Presbyterians. But to retaliate his Kindness, the Vindicator must give us leave to ask a few questions in the same manner. Who massacred the poor innocent *Albigenses*? The Papists. Who committed that bloody Butchery in *Paris*? The Papists. Who massacred the poor harmless *Piedmontors*? The Papists. Who were the Actors of that impious Tragedy in *Ireland*? The Papists. Who were the Contrivers of this last horrid Plot? The Papists. So that the Vindicator does but sharpen his own weapons against his own and the breasts of his own party; and the *dirt of Rebellion* still remains as foul as ever upon their own Hypocritical Habits. I will ask the Vindicator but one Question more; Who they were that brought a Petition to *Oliver Cromwel*, wherein they promis'd that if He would Tolerate the Popish Religion in *England*, they would assist him to extirprate the Family of the *Stewards*? And whether they were not as like to proffer a thousand Pounds for the discovery of his Majesties Escape after *Worcester* Fight? As long as it was the Act of the Papists, 'tis no matter for the Mistake of a Name or two.

Upon

Upon his next Repetition of the following Expreſſion in the Epiſtle, *What Arguments can perſwade them to be true to their natural, who profeſs Allegiance, out of Conſcience to a Foreign contrary Soveraign?* He Anſwers *readily, no Engliſh Papiſt doth ſo.* He may well ſay readily; for ſuch Anſwers, indeed, are very readily coyn'd. But I ſay, *Bellarmine*, thou lyeſt: For if the *Engliſh* Papiſt do not do ſo, he is no Papiſt, but a Mungrel. To prove this, he renounces his Religion, and ſays, *That the Pope, out of his temporal Dominions, is no more regarded than the D. of* Parma, *or the Prince of* Monaco. This is another manifeſt untruth; For it is the poſitive Doctrine of the *Papiſts*, that by meer Divine Right, the Pope is ſupream and ſole Monarch of the World; and that all Monarchs and Princes are his Vaſſals (which includes his authority in temporals as well as ſpirituals): Inſomuch, that the Legat of Pope *Adrian* told *Frederick Barbaroſſa* to his face, *That he held his Empire at the pleaſure of the Holy Father*; which if they did not believe for Goſpel, and that they were not tyed in greater Bonds of allegiance to the Pope, than to their native Princes, they would never ſo often have revolted and renounc'd their fidelity to their Soveraigns, as they have done upon every trifling Excommunication from the See of *Rome*. And it would be a ridiculous vanity for the Pope to aſſume to himſelf a power of depriving Princes of their Kingdoms, which is a ſupream authority in temporals, if he thought the people did not believe themſelves bound to obey him in temporals as well as ſpirituals. 'Tis the fear of temporal accidents, not the ſpiritual Fulminations, that has ſcar'd ſo many Princes, and brought the Empire of *Germany* almoſt to a morſel of Bread. But this ſame *Vindicator* and his crew, are ſuch a parcel of obſtinate, willful Vermin, that they will believe nothing in the World, either of Hiſtory or Reaſon, that makes againſt them, be it never ſo certain, never ſo plain.

All the reſt of this Chapter is nothing but ribble-rabble, as wide from the purpoſe, as *Dan* from *Berſheba*. Now we are come to the *Contradictions* and *Lyes*.

CHAP. II.

A Diſcovery in the Addreſs to the Reader.

'TIS very true, here is a prodigious yelping and bawling, a hideous Black *Sanctus* of *Lyes* and *Contradictions*, *Contradictions* and *Lyes*, beyond all the yells and dins of *Green-Haſtings* and *Mackarel*. But now I think on't, I can tell what's the matter; the Jeſuits are ringing all their Bells backward to raiſe the Country upon Dr. *Oates*: And yet after all this confounded noiſe, enough to ſtartle all the wild Beaſts in a *Lybian* Forreſt, the Vindicator tells us not a word what a Lye or a Contradiction is; as if that men of ſenſe were ſuch ſilly Partridges to Cowre under the Lowbells of Jeſuitical clamour. Theſe Jeſuits are a pack of Knaves that muſt be look'd after. 'Tis a Thouſand pound to a Nutſhell, but that this deceitful *Vindicator* may have arraign'd and condemn'd for Lyes and Contradictions, thoſe things which are not ſo; and that for Perjury, which deſerves no ſuch ſentence. And therefore, for the better diſcovery of the Vindicator's fraud, it will not be amiſs to produce the ſeveral definitions of *Contradictio*, *Mendacium*, and *Perjurium*, that ſo the Vindicator's pretended accuſations being

brought to their ſeveral Teſts, the juggles of this St. *Omers* Pamphleteer, may more eaſily be made apparent.

A Lye, then, is that by which a falſe thing is ſignified either in word or deed, with an intent to deceive.

A Lyar is one that delights to ſpeak a Falſity which he knows to be ſo; or a Truth which he believes to be falſe.

On the other ſide, he is no Lyar who tells a thing that is falſe, which he verily believes to be true; he may be ſaid to err, not to tell a Lye.

Now in this firſt Chapter he tells us, the Deponent ſays,

The Narrative was preſented to His Majeſty the 13th of Auguſt *laſt, and ſworn upon the Sixth of* September.

Theſe, like a great Knave (for 'tis fit he ſhould have as good as he brings) he calls Two *Great Lyes*; for as to the firſt, he ſays, the Narrative *contains things averr'd to have happened upon the* 3, 4, 6, 7, and 8 *of* September *following*. And what of all this? The Narrative was preſented privately in *Auguſt*, at what time, and till the Eighth or Ninth of *September* following, the Deponent remained undiſcovered.

To the next he anſwers, That the *Dr. and Sir* Edmund-bury Godfrey *aſſure it was ſworn the Twenty-ſeventh of* September. That is falſe; for the date of the Certificate which he carps at, is only the date of Sir *Edmund-Bury Godfrey*'s Certificate, that it was ſworn before him, not when it was ſworn.

But ſuppoſe theſe paſſages had been both falſe, where is the intent of deceiving, that made them Lyes? The intent of deceiving muſt have lain in the falſity of the Narratives being actually preſented, or actually ſworn to; which being really true, the error of a trivial circumſtance, is but one of your *Little Piccadillo's* as you call them.

And now Mr. Vindicator, are not you a pitiful, idle, inconſiderate, both Fool and Knave, in a vindication of the *Engliſh Catholicks* from ſo horrid a crime as they lye under, which ſhould have been weighty and great, ſo unworthily and Porter-like to give a Gentleman the Lye to poſterity, upon ſuch ſilly, illiterate, pitiful and low-conceited inadvertencies as theſe? Give me leave to tell you, Sir, you have hitherto ſhewed us nothing but the ſymptoms of your future folly and duncery; and whereas you are pleaſed to beſpatter the Deponent with ſuch Lackey-like and ſlovenly Language,

Diſpeream ſi tu Pyladi preſtare matellam
Dignus es, aut porcos paſcere Perithoi.

CHAP. III.

Containing his Informations from Spain.

IN this Chapter the Vindicator pretends to tell us of abundance of Lyes: For as yet, I meet with neither *Contradictions*, nor *Perjury*. Obſerve now how he makes them out.

He denies that *Strange* the Provincial, *Keines*, *Langworth*, *Harcourt and Fenwick did write a Treaſonable Letter to* Suiman *at* Madrid, *concerning the contriving and plotting a Rebellion in* Scotland; And yet you ſee there was a Rebellion in *Scotland* ſoon after, which makes it ſhrewdly ſuſpicious, or in plain

plain Engliſh altogether credible. But what's his Reaſon? Becauſe there was never any ſuch Letter. How does he prove it? By the Atteſtation of *Strange* himſelf, the very firſt perſon accuſed of the Plot in the Doctors Narrative. And then again, he ſays, *It never was the practiſe of the Jeſuits, that many ſhould ſign their Names with the Provincial.* Neither does the Doctor ſay any ſuch thing; He ſays, they wrote the Letter, that is, they were preſent at the Writing of it, which is the ſame thing: So that the Atteſtation of *M. K. R. S. C. B.* and the reſt of his *ſeveral confederate Jeſuits* was only a trifle of ſupererogation.

He denies that *Morgan*, *Wright* and *Ireland were imployed to preach as Presbyterians to the diſaffected* Scots, *&c.* How does he know all this? Becauſe no Engliſh *Jeſuit was ever ſent into* Scotland. Wright *was infirm, and went into* England *for his health.* As if *England* had not been in his way to *Scotland.* But *he was recall'd ſhortly after.* How long that might be, God knows, conſidering how the Jeſuits are able to ſtretch ſuch a Whitleather word as *ſhortly.* And as for *Morgan* and *Ireland*, *they never were out of* England. Juſt as he denied his being in *London*, becauſe he was in the liberties of *Weſtminſter.*

He denies that the Dr. broke up thoſe Letters at *Burgos*, and read the Contents. His Reaſon?——Becauſe he has told ye, *there were no ſuch Letters, therefore he could not read the Contents.* This is juſt like their ſilly pleading at *Newgate.*

In the Third Article he has found a neſt of *Lyes*, no leſs than Four at a time, denying, *That* Aſhly, Blondel, *and the Two* Peters's *ſent Twelve Scholars into* Spain, *Eight to* Valladolid, *and Four to* Madrid, *as appear'd by their ſeveral Patents, who were obliged by the Jeſuits to renounce their Allegiance to His Majeſty of* Great Britan *in the hearing of the Deponent.* 1. Becauſe the *Students* are *never ſent away by any but the Rector, or Vice-Rector.* With the Vindicator's favour, the Jeſuits have no ſuch Laws of the *Medes* and *Perſians*, but which the Rector or the Provincial may diſpence with upon occaſion: Beſides the Rector has his *Conſultores* or Aſſiſtants, whom he may employ to act for him.

2. *Never any Patent among Jeſuits had more than one name.* There's nobody ſays to the contrary; If Twelve Scholars have Twelve Patents, what need of more than one Name in a Patent?

3. *Becauſe there is not one word of renunciation in the Oath of thoſe Colledges.* Who ſaid there is? They might renounce their Allegiance to the King, and yet not take the Colledge-Oath.

4. He could not hear a thing done in a place where he never was: but he never was at *Madrid*; therefore. But he was at *Madrid* in ſpite of your Teeth, *Ergo.* Nor could the Dr. hear it done at *Valladolid*; for the Oath is never tendered to the *Novices, till they have paſt a whole year in that place.* You miſtake the point, *Sir*, the Dr. talks not of the Oath, he ſpeaks of the Renunciation, without which, their very admittance would have defil'd the Colledge.

He denies, as being Two more *Lyes*, *That Dr.* Armſtrong *brought Letters ſubſcribed by Five Jeſuits, in which was expreſſed that the Jeſuits in* London *intended to diſpoſe of the King.*

1. Becauſe *thoſe Letters were ſign'd by more than the Rector:* For which, he brings his former Atteſtation of *John an Okes and John a Stiles.* What a ſtrange thing this is! He will not allow Five men to ſubſcribe their own Letters.

2. Be-

2. Becauſe *there never was any ſuch thing contain'd in thoſe Letter, as they proteſt who wrote them*; As by their Atteſtations appears.

He denies, *that* Suiman *wrote, that the King of* England *was poyſon'd.* Upon what ground? Why, becauſe *neither* Suiman *nor any other perſon ever heard ſuch news.*

He denies *that* Strange, Gray, *and* Keines *wrote in a Letter to* Suiman, *that they were uſing all diligence to get the King diſpatch'd.*

1. Becauſe *it is falſe that ever* Strange *writ any ſuch Letter*; as appears by his own Atteſtation.

2. Becauſe *it is falſe that the* Dr. *was ever at* Madrid; which they prove by Three Atteſtations of their own drawing.

He denies *that at the ſame time, at* Madrid, *the Deponent ever ſaw a Letter from* Strange, Grey, Keines, Langworth, Fenwick, Ireland *and* Harcourt, *wherein they expreſt their ſorrow the buſineſs was not done, through the faint-heartedneſs of their man* William.

1. Becauſe *he was never there.*

2. Becauſe *it was againſt the cuſtom of Jeſuits*, already repeated. But this was upon an extraordinary occaſion; and beſides, they were then in a place where they were not tied to obſerve Cuſtoms.

3. Becauſe *there never was any ſuch Letter*; as by their own atteſtations appears.

I marry, *Sir*, here's the Sparring Argument at laſt.

He denies, *That* Pedro Hieronymo de Corduba *Provincial of* New-Caſtile, *ſent a Letter by the Deponent to* Strange, *wherein he promiſed Ten thouſand pound for their pains, if they could get the buſineſs diſpatch'd.*

1. Becauſe P. H. de Corduba *was never Provincial of* New-Caſtile. 'Tis not a ſtraw matter whither he were or no.

2. Becauſe *he left* Valladolid *upon the 30th of* October, *and not the Third of* November. The Vindicator was hard put to't to cavil ſo ſtrictly for a day.

3. Here's their old friend in a corner, that never fails 'em; becauſe *there was no ſuch Letter*, as their own Knight o'the poſt avers.

But beſides this, there are Three improbabilities in the caſe, That the Provincial *of* Caſtile *ſhould go about to allure the Engliſh Jeſuits with ſuch a reward, who needed rather a Bridle than Spurs.* You are ſtill upon miſtakes; the Money was not to reward the Jeſuits, Ten thouſand pound was a Fleabite to what they expected; but to ſhew there ſhould be no want of Money, ſhould their Chapmen ask too dear.

2. *That he who could not diſpoſe of any money out of his Province, ſhould promiſe them ſuch a ſum.* By your favour, *Sir*, but he might, when it was money entruſted in his hands, and left to his diſpoſal upon ſuch and ſuch an accompt.

3. *That he ſhould truſt the* Dr. *with ſuch a Letter, whom he had newly caſt out of the Colledge.* That very thing argues all you have ſaid about the Doctors Expulſion, to be a St. *Omers* Lye; which exceed our Engliſh Lyes Ten times as much in bigneſs, as one of your Onions ſurpaſſes ours.

Thus Gentlemen you have ſeen what this Nickapoop of ſcurrilous Vindicator has hitherto called Lyes, and how he has proved them. 'Twas not ſo, becauſe it was not ſo——'twas not ſo, becauſe it could not be ſo——and it could not be ſo, becauſe they themſelves ſay ſo——*Ergo.*—— Now I would fain know of you, good Mr. Vindicator, whither if you, and another

another as bad as your ſelf, ſhould both ſteal a Horſe, and your friend eſcaping, you ſhould be taken, arraign'd, and the matter of fact prov'd, I ſay, I would fain know, whether if you, being asked what you had to ſay for your ſelf, ſhould pretend the *Presbyterians* ſtole the Horſe; or if that would not ſerve, you ſhould proteſt you knew nothing of the Horſes being ſtolen, till you were Indicted; and that your confederate, that was with you, ſhould atteſt it under his hand, that you did not ſteal the Horſe; Do you believe that theſe evaſions ſhould ſave you from being hang'd? 'Tis an experiment, I aſſure you, well worth your coming into *England* to make tryal of, in regard, that if you eſcaped upon thoſe excuſes, it would very much conduce to ſtrengthen the Arguments of your Vindication; and therefore take notice, I have made you a fair Invitation; we have a Colledg ready furniſhed for your entertainment.

CHAP. IV.

From the Ninth, to the Tenth Article: Containing what the Doctor Heard and Read at St. Omers.

THis is a long Chapter, an *Oglio* dreſſed by the ſame Cook without any variety, wherein as he proceeds according to his former method, the Anſwers will be the more ready at hand. It is averr'd by no meaner a perſon than *Caſaubon*, a man of great Learning and unſpotted reputation, that a Jeſuit in *France*, with his own mouth, aſſerted to him, *That if Jeſus Chriſt were again upon earth, lyable to death, as he was, and any one ſhould reveal to him as his Confeſſour, that he had a deſign to kill him; before he would reveal that Confeſſion, he would ſuffer Chriſt to be murther'd.* In the ſame manner, we may as well believe, that the *Vindicator* and his trayterous Brood, bred up in the ſame blaſphemous principles, ſo poſitive in the denyal and evading ſuch apparent Truths, and ſo notoriouſly prov'd in ſo many publick Courts of National Judicature, would deny the very being and coming into the world of that eternal Deity whoſe Name and Order they profeſs, were it for their diſadvantage to allow it.

The Vindicator's conceit of his ſtrength, and his fond belief that men of reaſon will believe his Contradictions, becauſe he aſſerts 'em, and confirms 'em by the atteſtations of men involv'd in the ſame guilt, does but help to ruine his Papal *Chimera*; and thoſe ſwarms of Clamours, Contumelies and Calumnies, which he calls *Lyes*, *Contradictions* and *Perjuries*, will in the end ſting his Vindication to death. For Vindicators loſing their end, like bad Surgeons, by their ill-applied Plaiſters, rather inflame and feſter, then aſſwage and heal. And indeed I might well enough conclude, as having ſhewn the Reader, plainly enough, the proportion of this *Hercules*, by what his puny Arguments have hitherto been; but we are forc'd to *follow him ſtep by ſtep*, as he does the Narrative, and to humour the Fool in his folly, to prevent the Coxcombs crowing upon his own Dunghil of St. *Omers*.

Obſerve then how this Infidel of Truth proceeds.

He denies that *Strange, and Nine other Jeſuits wrote a Letter to Aſſiby; that they had an intent to ſtab the King*, &c.

1. Becauſe *Strange* avers it *to be falſe* in Atteſtation *G.*

2. Becauſe *Nine Jeſuits never ſubſcribed with their Provincial.* You muſt have it over and over again. I tell ye, the Cuſtoms of Jeſuits in Conſpiracies and Colledges are different things. Beſides, the Doctor himſelf has ſworn, that he both ſaw and read the Letter, which is much more convincing then your Atteſtation *C.*

Now for your obſervation upon the Text; for I find you are at a loſs how to remove this Block out of your way. You ſay *to hear* the Dr. *ſpeak*, a man would think nothing more ordinary in Jeſuits Letters, then to *write of poyſoning, ſhooting, ſtabbing and diſpatching Kings.* Nothing more frequent in their Sermons and Writings, and therefore not ſo much to be wondered at in their Letters. But you *hear*, that *ſeveral of their Letters were peruſed, and no ſuch thing found in them.* You heard with your harveſt ears. For though you ſo eaſily believe your own Brethren, we are not bound to believe you.

He denies *That the ſame Fathers wrote other Letters to* de la Chaize, *with thanks for his charity, and care of propagating the Catholick Religion; and that the Deponent carried it to St.* Omers, *and thence to* Paris. And his Reaſon is, becauſe *the* Deponents *whole journey from St.* Omers *to* Paris *was a Lye.* As if any man would be ſuch a Fool to tell a Lye which all the World could convince him of. The Vindicator's neater way, would have been to have denied there were any ſuch Towns in the World as St. *Omers* or *Paris*, and then he had hit it.

He denies *That* Aſhby *ſhew'd the Deponent, at his return from* Paris, *a Letter to* Strange *and others in* London, *ſhewing, that they had ſtirred up the* Scots *to Rebellion, and that Twenty thouſand would be in Arms, if* France *broke with* England.

He denies *that a way was made for the* French *to Land in* Ireland, *that the* Iriſh Catholicks *were to riſe, or that Forty thouſand Black Bills were ready for them.*

1. Becauſe *the Deponent never return'd from* Paris, *as having never beeen there*; which is verified by Atteſtation *D.*

2. Becauſe *ſuch a Letter was never written*, by the averment of Atteſtation *G.*

3. Becauſe *no Engliſh Jeſuit ever dealt with* Scotch Presbyterians.

4. Becauſe *they never dealt with* Iriſh Papiſts *diſpoſed to Rebel.*

5. Becauſe *there were no Black Bills prepar'd.*

6. Becauſe *there was no way made for* French *landing.*

How is this prov'd? Becauſe here are no leſs then Six *Becauſes.* And Six *Becauſes*, with an Atteſtation *D.* and an Atteſtation *G.* make an Argument ſufficient to confound all the Reaſon in *Europe*, were there Ten times more then there is.

He denies *that by Letters of the 18th of* December *it was ſpecified that* White *was made Provincial.*

Becauſe he was not declar'd ſo, till the 14th of *January* 1678. This is an evaſion. He might not be declar'd till the 14th of *January*, and yet notice given of his Election before, without any violence done to Madam *Probability.*

He denies *that* White *ordered a Sermon againſt* Otes *in the Sodality Church.* Why? *Becauſe he had no power before he was declar'd.* But what if he took upon him a little more then he needed? they durſt not contradict him. And

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for the Rectors, they have no ſuch power as he talks of by the publick Rules of the Order.

And he denies there was any thing mention'd of *Oaths*; becauſe *Coniers* proteſts to the contrary, and the *Copy* ſhews it; as if they that Copy, could not leave out what they pleaſe.

He denies *Coniers* was ordered to exhort *all to ſtand by their new Provincial*, becauſe it was never practiſed, and then telling us the *Sodalitie* Church was not a *convenient place for ſuch a Sermon*, concludes the Deponent to be *no ſuch Confident of the Jeſuits as he pretends*. 'Tis not to be queſtion'd but that they wiſh he had not been. But it ſeems he was more their Confident then the Vindicator. For he goes only the old Pack-horſe-rode; the Deponent was acquainted with all their new methods, which the conjuncture of new affairs requir'd. Your great men, Friend Vindicator, were moving out of their Sphear, and therefore no wonder if they acted eccentrically.

And this anſwer may ſerve for your fopperies and ſtrain'd Evaſions of the 13*th*. Article. Only take notice that Evaſions are as bad as lies at any time; for they do not only include a lye, but endeavour to cloak the lye which the Evader labours to ſmother.

He denies that *Blundel* was made Ordinary of *Newgate*.

It ſeems the word *Ordinary* offends his Worſhip. Let him chooſe what title he pleaſes, 'twas an employment of the ſame nature, which for once he confeſſes, yet calls it a lye. For he hopes *if the Provincial did employ any one in works of charity, order'd him to viſit priſoners, to relieve or prepare them for a good end*, he was not to be blam'd for it. Very true, but he was to blame to ſend his agents upon Meſſages forbidden by the Law, only to debauch the Conſciences of men in miſery, and out of a covetous intereſt, to prevent the ſlipping of any griſe by their Mill.

He denies it was done by *Patent*; call it what you pleaſe, Patent or Order, or Commiſſion, it ſeems it was done; and that's ſufficient.

He denies that the ſaid *Blundell* ever *inſtructed* any *Youth in London*, or *taught them Treaſonable Doctrine*. Upon what ground? becauſe *'tis falſe and improbable*. How then came the Act of the Parliament of *Paris* to call 'em *Seducers and Corrupters of Youth?* To evade which common practice of theirs, he ſays the *Jeſuits might be beg'd for fools, to teach ſuch Doctrine*; he means rank downright Treaſon, for then they may be hang'd like Knaves for their Labours. But for all his tricks, and ſhifts, and doubtings, let me tell this Pumpkin of a Vindicator, that the ſeed and the fruit are very different in ſhape, and yet the ſeed ſends forth the fruit.

From this diſcourſe of ſo many Letters, he takes an occaſion to aim full at the Deponents face, and thinks to give him a mauling rub: *You ſeem* (ſaith he) *quite through your Fabulous Narrative to repreſent St.* Omers *as the center of Jeſuits Tranſactions, when they that know St.* Omers, *know 'tis the worſt ſerv'd with Letters, of any conſiderable Town in the Low-Countries.* Well *Gaffer Fabulous*, what would you infer from all this? You infer more than you can anſwer from what the Deponent has ſworn; but not believing that enough, you would be *inferring* to the ſame purpoſe from what he never ſaid. He does not accuſe St. *Omers* for being the *center* of all the Jeſuits Tranſactions, nor the Center of the World, nor the Center of *Europe*, or any Center. But indeed ſince you put us in mind of it, it ſeems to have been the Nurſery of the Conſpiracy. But what's the meaning of this impertinent Inſinuation? To prove that there were no Treaſonable Letters ſent to St. *Omers*, becauſe

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they are ſo ill ſerv'd by the Poſt. Silly Mortals! what need had they of the Poſt, who had ſuch a truſty Meſſenger as the Deponent.

He denies that upon receipt of the above-mentioned Letters, the Treaſonable words were ſpoken by *Nevil* and *Fermor* in the *Jeſuits* Library at St. *Omers*, or that the Deponent heard them.

For, ſaith he, *the words were never ſpoken when the Letters were receiv'd, becauſe there were no ſuch Letters.*

This, with the *Vindicators* leave, I take to be direct Nonſenſe, *When the Letters were receiv'd, there were no ſuch Letters.* But let it be what it will, he has three Atteſtations, *E. K. Q.* to make it out. And leſt they ſhould fail, he puts his hand in his Pouch, & pulls out a Contradiction. Here I had thought to have produced the definition of a contradiction. But becauſe this is only a contradiction of the Vindicators own framing, I ſhall defer that trouble till a better opportunity. He ſays, the Letters muſt be written upon *Jan.* 1, 2, but takes the longeſt time, and then *appeals to the Poſt-maſter, whether a Letter could come in* 24 *hours from* England *to St.* Omers. I know not what neceſſity there was that the Letters ſhould be written upon the firſt of *January*. The Deponent ſwears no ſuch thing; but he ſwears he heard the words ſpoken upon the third of *January*, and tells ye where; 'tis no matter when the Letters were written. And now *what think you, Sir? are not theſe pretty Fables* to trouble the world with? You might have very well ſpar'd your Calculation, and your Appeal, unleſs they had been more to the purpoſe.

But he ſays the *Deponent went on the third of January in the morning to Watten*, and *dined there, as appears by the Day-book of the Seminary*, and therefore could not be at St. *Omers* that Afternoon. A worthy Record indeed! and much for the Honour of St. *Omers*, when they're at ſuch a pinch to bring their waſte-paper in Evidence! What low and ridiculous thoughts has this Vindicator of mankind, to think that ſenſe and reaſon would ſuffer themſelves to be ſway'd by the Day-book of the Seminary of St. *Omers*? Had the diſpute been for no more than half an hours abſence, they would have brought the record of the Seminary Day-book to prove the Deponent was gone to the *Houſe-of-Office*.

To the 21, 22, 23, and 24 Articles, he ſays ſo very little, that it is juſt nothing; ſo that we are to believe he grants them for truth. And if they be true why not all the reſt? Nay ſince he has given us an Inch, we'l take an Ell, and tell the Vindicator to his Teeth they are all true, for this very reaſon, becauſe they are confirm'd by that *worthleſs* Oath of the Doctor (as he moſt Jeſuitically calls it) which his railing and reviling language has only barkt at, no where been able to penetrate.

It is a ſentence of the Wiſe, *Calumnia ſemper opprimit meliora.*

But on the other ſide we have this to relieve us: *Juſtos mores mala non attingit Oratio.*

And ſo let us go ſeek out our Vindicator again. As good fortune will have it, ſee where he comes, all-to-be-new-recruited with the zealous inſpirations of Brandy and Satan, to gratifie his Papiſtical, blind, and ſuperſtitious fury.

He denies, *That* White *and other Jeſuits writ a Letter on the tenth of* March, *declaring that the Clergy were a ſort of Raſcally fellows, that had neither wit nor courage to manage ſuch a great deſign*, meaning the Plot.

Here, ſaith he, *the Deponent throws an apple of diſcord to ſow diſſention between the Clergy and the Society.*

To paſs by his polite Metaphor, which ſhews him to be either a great

Dunce,

Dunce, or a meer *Novitiate*, I would fain know *cui bono?* What ſhould move the Deponent to do a thing already done to his hands? 'Tis well known what opinion the reſt of the Clergy have of the unlimited pride of the Jeſuits in general, and their haughty advancement of themſelves above their brethren; ſo that it was not the Deponents work either to unite or ſet them together by the ears; for any man with half an eye may ſee the Deponents intention, which was only to introduce their contemptible reflections upon the Clergy, as a circumſtance to prove how curious they were in their Trayterous Inſtruments. But this is only a ſurmiſe of the Vindicators, and therefore for fear it ſhould not turn to account, he brings his two never failing friends to nick it, that is, his own Averment and Atteſtation *E.* Very proper *Don Quixot's*, and *Sancta Pancha's* to encounter the Wind-mills of his own erecting.

He denies, *That the Deponent ſaw a Letter from* White, *mentioning that attempts had been made to aſſaſſinate the King at ſeveral times*, by *William* and *Pickering*, had *opportunity offer'd it ſelf.* For miſſing whereeof, he denies alſo, *that* William *was chid, and the latter had twenty ſtrokes with a diſcipline.*

His reaſon is, becauſe he ſays, *that no body ever heard of it but by the Deponents Narrative.* And then he deſires the Deponent to give a reaſon why *White* ſhould only chide *William* that was his Man, and whip *Pickering*, over whom he had no juriſdiction.

By the way *William*, was not *Whites* man, but a ſervant to the whole Society in *London*, and ſo was *Pickering*, being under their Hire, and conſequently both equally under the Juriſdiction of *White* their Provincial Now I appeal to common ſenſe, and the judgment of thoſe who have read or underſtand the extent of Papiſtical authority in Penances, whether theſe lame and miſerable ſhifts be excuſes ſufficient to vindicate the Conſpirators from the intended Aſſaſſination of a Monarch? One would think that Miſtris *Cellier* had been Midwife to the Vindicators Invention, his Vindication is ſo like the *Fables* in her *Malice defeated.*

He denies, *That there were any Letters from* White *and others of the fifth of* April, *that* Morgan *and* Lovel *were return'd from* Ireland; *who ſaid*, 40000 Iriſh *Horſe and Foot were ready to riſe at ten days warning.*

He denies alſo, *That the Provincial ſummon'd a General Conſult to be held at* London, *and that the Deponent was ſummon'd to aſſiſt at it as a Meſſenger from Father to Father.*

Now what's his proof that all this was not ſo? Why becauſe he ſays, *there is not one word of truth in all the Article, except the calling of the Congregation.* And then *for the* 40000 *men, they were never any where but in the Deponents Addlehead, and Lying Narrative.*

Here's a Vindicator for ye now! tell me where ever was ſuch another in the world! One that carries Gunpowder in his mouth, ſets fire to his tongue, and with one *puff* of a *denial* blows ye an accuſation, be it as ponderous as all *Stonehenge*, into a perfect annihilation. Caitiffs of *Newgate*, be of good comfort, from henceforth defie Juſtice and the Gallows, bid the men of St. *Pulchers* melt down their uſeleſs humming Paſſing-Bell, and put the money in their Pockets. For now let your crimes be what they will, never ſo plainly prov'd by Oaths and Teſtimony, 'tis but ſaying the Deponents are *Addle-heads*, and their Teſtimonies, *Lying Narratives*, and you ſhall be forthwith ſet at liberty without fees.

This wonder-working *Operator* lives at the Seminary of *Engliſh* Jeſuits in St. *Omers*. He inſtructs the rich at moderate rates, the poor for nothing; he is to be ſpoken with from eight in the morning till twelve at noon; and from two in the afternoon till ſix at night. *Vivat Diabolus.*

CHAP. V.

Of the Congregation.

THE Buſineſs of the Congregation takes up a whole Chapter; 'twas an ugly Buſineſs, my Lord, and begat a world of hanging-evidence, and therefore muſt be deny'd ſtoutly.

But before he begins, he premiſes, *That the truth of the particular concerning the Congregation, ſhall be atteſted by all that were there, who are ſtill alive.* No, they are not, there are ſome of 'em hang'd. But what need of this advertiſement? we queſtion not the readineſs of them that are living, and of hundreds more in the place of them that are wanting, to ſwear all that, and ten times more, upon ſuch an unavoidable occaſion as this. There is nothing ſafe either in this or the two other worlds from the denials of the Jeſuits. They deny there is a God by their actions and Doctrine; and ſhould ye affirm there is a Devil, becauſe he is the father of Lyes, they would deny that eaſily, as being the fathers of Lyes themſelves. Upon Earth you ſee what the *Vindicator* has deny'd already, and you ſhall ſee what he ſtill denies. He denies that upon the 24*th* of *April* 1678, *ſtil. nov. Warren*, Sir *Tho. Preſton*, *Marſh*, *Williams*, Sir *John Warner*, Sir *Robert Brett*, *Pool*, *Nevil*, in all with the Deponent about nine, went from St. *Omers* towards *London*. For, 1. The Rector of *Liege* was not of the number. 2. Sir *Tho. Preſton* never ſtir'd all the while from *Liege*. 3. Sir *John Warren* remain'd at *Watten*. 4. Sir *Robert Brett*, *Pool*, *Nevil*, and the Deponent remain'd at St. *Omers*. And to prove this, he bids you ſee Atteſtations, *I*, *H*, *F*, *D*, and *E*. 'Tis very well,——briskly done,——well go on——

He denies, *That theſe met in a conſult in* London *with* Fenwick, Blondel *and* Gray, *and others, to the number of fifty Jeſuits, at the* White-horſe-*Tavern in the* Strand.

For why? neither *Fenwick*, *Blundel*, nor *Gray* were there. 2. *There were only fifty.* 3. They never met at the *White-horſe*-Tavern, *as they are ready to ſwear, and proteſted to the* Vindicator, *they did not know of any ſuch Tavern in the* Strand, *till the* Deponent *inform'd them of it.* It may be not, becauſe he was to give them notice of the Place. He ſhould have done well to have told us where they did meet; and then the truth might have been eaſily found out. The Deponent ſwears *he was at the Conſult held in* May, *to attend the Conſulters, and deliver'd their concerns from company to company.* To this the *Vindicator* ſays nothing but what was ſaid by the Jeſuits at their Trials, where their Defences made 'em ridiculous.

He denies, *That after they left the* White-horſe-*Tavern, they divided into ſeveral Companies, as being againſt the nature of a Congregation.*

You ſtill forget, Mr. *Vindicator*, that this was no *Congregation* according to the Statutes of the Society, but ſuch a Conſultation as *Catiline* held at *Rome* for the ſubverſion of his Country. And it is the nature of ſuch Conſults to be kept on foot by private Committees, for the better carrying on the deſign.

Laſtly, whereas the *Deponent* ſwears, *That within 3 or 4 days after, he return'd to St.* Omers *with the Fathers that came from the other ſide of the Water.*

He abſolutely denies there was any ſuch thing. And theſe are the Lyes which he pretends to be ſworn to in the Narrative in reference to the Conſult at the *White-horſe*-Tavern.

And now Mr. Vindicator, give me leave to tell ye, you may be Canoniz'd for a Fool, but never for a Saint; for you have ſpoil'd your Cauſe in this very

very Chapter. I expected that here you ſhould have ſhewn all your Wit and Rhetorick, the cream of your Eloquence, that you ſhould have ſtrewed the whole Chapter with your Flowers, your Metaphors, and your Sorites; that you would have gor'd us with your forked *Dilemma's*; that you would have diſplayed all your Hocus Pocus tricks, all your doublings and ſhiftings; that you would have ſhewed us your Wards and Traverſes, and all your Fencing dexterity; but never was Tiptoe-expectation ſo deceiv'd: here is not ſo much as one gentile piece of Sophiſtry; nay, he muſt be a good Chymiſt that can extract ſo much as one poor dram of common ſenſe out of all his elaborate undertaking, but *you lye*, and *'tis falſe*: terms of Art which I find in no ſort of Logick, but that of St. *Omers*. He that pretends to ſuch good Intelligence, could not chooſe but know, how theſe very objections had been canvaſſed, how the defences of his Martyrs were exploded, how the teſtimonies of his St. *Omers* ſtriplings, ſent of Fools errands, to ſwear in *verba Magiſtri*, were baffl'd; and therefore in his topping Vindication to raiſe nothing new, but to ſay leſs then they then ſaid for themſelves, leſs then what had already been promulgated by others, was but only a lazy Epitome of the *Compendium*, and ſhewed the Vindicators Brains were dryer then *Bricks*; for they will yield a uſeful Oyl; his Brains will afford nothing but a putrid matter, which might have been as well blown out of his Noſe, as ſeaton'd out upon the Muckinder of a nonſenſical Vindication.

CHAP. VI.

What happen'd after his return to St. Omers, *till he left that place.*

GEntlemen, you may be ſure of Romances in this Chapter by the form of the Contents.

Says he, the Deponent ſwears that *Tho. White* came to St. *Omers* upon the Tenth of *June* 1678, and on the Eleventh ſpoke treaſonable words againſt the King and Duke in the preſence of *Richard Aſhby*.

And further, *That* White *told* Aſhby, *a Miniſter had endeavour'd to render Jeſuits odious, by Engliſhing their* Morals, and the Provincial *ſent the Deponent into* England *to kill the* Tranſlator, *which the Deponent undertakes to do, having* 50 *l. reward promiſed him by the ſaid Provincial, and then that the* Provincial *and the* Society *in* London *would procure the death of* Dr. Stillingfleet. What ſays the Vindicator to all this? Why, he ſays the Deponent Lyes; and that White's *dying Speech, and his Atteſtation before his death, juſtifie that the Depoſitions are falſe.* He forgot to quote the Martyrs Kinſman, Mr. *Jenniſon's* Atteſtations too, and then like *Jael*, he had Nail'd the Drs. Depoſitions to the Ground.

The Deponent ſwears, *That* Aſhby *told him that the Rector of* Leige, *when he was* Procurator *at* Paris, *did reconcile the* Lord Chancellor Hyde *upon his death-bed.*

This the Vindicator ſays is falſe; *For the Rector of* Liege *has declar'd the contrary, and that he never ſaw the* Lord Chancellor *in his life.* Then it ſeems it was *Aſhby* the Jeſuit that ly'd, and not the Doctor.

He denies *That on the* 23*d of* June *the Deponent was ſent for* England *to attend the motions of the Fathers in* London, *with* 4 *l. for his charge, and a promiſe of* 80 *l. for his ſervices in* Spain *and elſewhere.*

Theſe things the Vindicator denies ſtifly, as being circumſtances of great moment; Nay, if you'l let him hold ſtakes himſelf, he'l lay ye a wager of a Hundred

Hundred to One upon his own ſide. And the reaſon of this confidence is this, that there is a Papiſtical neceſſity i'the caſe, that the thing muſt be ſo. In the foregoing Fourth Chapter there was a neceſſity that the Deponent ſhould be under Lock and Key at St. *Omers*, from the 10th of *December ſtilo novo*, till the 23d of *June*; and therefore they ſwear, and atteſt, and damn themſelves it was ſo. Now it is not convenient for the Deponent to be at St. *Omers*; now they ſwear he was never admitted, and only a while there upon ance.

He would infer, the Deponent could not be ſent the 23d of *June to attend the motions of the Fathers*, becauſe, he ſays, *he was ordered* Ten days before *to go for* England *to kill the Tranſlator of the* Jeſuits Morals. As if a man might not be ſent into *England* upon Two Errands; or that the Fathers would have been ſo rigid to have check'd the Deponent for non-attendance, when they knew how well he was employing his time. *The killing of the Tranſlator of the Morals, and the attending the motion of the Fathers*, were no ſuch diſtinct employments, but that they might be both conferr'd upon the Deponent together. Neither is there any ſuch deſperate flaw in the depoſitions, but a very great probability that the Deponent might be promiſed 50*l.* for the Murder, and 80*l.* for his ſervices in *Spain*. But here the Vindicator has ye again, and denies the Deponent ever did any ſervices to the Jeſuits in *Spain*, unleſs it were in *exerciſing their patience by his unſufferable manners*. What thoſe were, the Lord knows, for he gives us no account of them. And yet if the Vindicator could have ſpar'd us any Inſtances, we cannot believe but he would have been very ample in his Relations. We cannot imagine this concealment of an Enemy ſo outrageouſly imbitter'd, *Orco implacabilior*, as was the effect of his favour. And therefore for want of other Argument, he is dropt into ſuch a nonſenſical ſtory of a Roaſted Horſe, much like the Tale of St. *Francis*'s Wife of Snow, that you would think him ſitting in ſome old Chimney-Corner, canopied with a Bacon-flitch, and lulling the credulous ears of the old woman of the Houſe for the benevolence of a Raſher. Never did the Iſland of Dreams produce a more empty piece of vanity; by means whereof, this *Nugipoly-loquides* would endeavour to prove that the Deponent was never admitted, but contemptible, rejected, and did what he did out of revenge.

He ſays, That when that *good man, White*, as he calls him, but as we with an *alias* character him, that Traytorly Jeſuit, was made *Provincial*, then the Deponent made his Addreſſes, *&c.*

Let him ſay what he pleaſes, they have confeſſed the Dr. to have been receiv'd into the Colledge a Month before they will allow *White* for *Provincial*; and one of their atteſtations confirm it: They ſwear and vow he ſtay'd there above half a year afterwards, and ſtirr'd not out but twice all that while. No ſign of his being ſo extreamly notorious for his bad life and converſation. And yet when this bears too hard upon the *Vindicator*, here muſt be a Fable form'd, how his admiſſion was deny'd above a month after he was admitted, and how he was diſmiſſed, and yet kept cloſe in the Houſe. The Vindicator ſhould have told us the date of his diſmiſſion, and for what particular crime; but that he carefully conceals. Where are his Atteſtations *A. B. C.* and I know not what flim-flams for that? But he was admitted and not admitted, diſmiſſed and kept; and then he ſwore, *he would be reveng'd*. A very probable Tale, that he ſhould be ſo plain with ſuch a ſort of people, when faſt in their clutches, whoſe ways of preventing his fury, he ſo well underſtood. And then he ſaid, *he muſt be a Jeſuit or a Judas; if he were not a Jeſuit he ſhould be damn'd.* Truly 'twas ill done of the *Provincial*, not to uſe his charitable endeavours to prevent a young man from Two ſuch dangerous precipices.

But

But that the Reader may be no longer in the dark, we'l tell him when the Doctor was diſmiſs'd; He was diſmiſs'd when upon ſome glimmering of the Diſcovery, that *Good Man* the *Provincial* ſtruck him with his Cane, and gave him a Box o'th' Ear in his Chamber at *London*. A very rude way of diſmiſſion indeed, and a very *great affront*, as the Vindicator call'd it. So that we agree about the manner, but not as to the Time. After that, the Doctor diſmiſſed himſelf, by running down Stairs out of the Provincia's Lodgings, having over heard what a ſevere chaſtiſement they were preparing for him, if they could but Trapan him again to St. *Omers*.

Truly, if the reſt of the Jeſuites of St. *Omers* were no better then thoſe that were Hang'd, or the Vindicator, hardly worth that, I ſee no prevailing reaſon any man had to be ſo greedily covetous of their Society. Nor do I believe the Doctor cared a Straw for their Company, but only for the advantage of watching their contrivances, and diſcloſing the Conſpiracies they were then brewing for the deſtruction of his Prince and Country.

CHAP. VII.

What he Relates ſince his return to London, *concerning Jeſuits, from the* 33 *to the* 53 *Article.*

THe Narrative declares, *That in July* Aſhby *came to Town to diſpoſe of the* 10000 l. *procured by* La Chaiſe, *and that he ſhould Treat with Sir* Geo. Wakeman *to Poyſon the King, as alſo to procure the Aſſaſſination of the Biſhop of* Hereford. To this the Vindicator replies, *That* Aſhby *before his Death declared all this to be falſe, as the Jeſuits of St.* Omers *themſelves atteſt.* And all this he clinches too with a *How is it probable, that had there been any ſuch thing,* Aſhby *ſhould communicate it to one who had by him been ſo diſgracefully diſmiſt by the Provincials Order*, &c. This is another Diſmiſſion which we never heard of before; ſo that he may ſheath his *How is it probable* again, as being a very blunt piece of buſineſs.

The 34 Article, the Vindicator ſayes, *Is all falſe, and that there is not one word of Truth in it*, upon the credit of Atteſtation G.

To the 35 he ſays, Aſhby *and* Blundel *both proteſted it was falſe.*

To the 36 he ſayes the ſame upon *Aſhbys* ſingle Proteſtation.

Thus you ſee what an Eſteem one Traytor has for another, and how warily they credit each other. Like the Story of the Caldron and the Cabbage. As if the Vindicator and the reſt of his Bloody Gang, had made a Compact together, to this purpoſe, Do you make a Vindication, Deny, Lye, Defie, Decry, and what ever you aſſert, we'l all Swear to.

Now Gentlemen, that you are to Believe what they atteſt, I prove thus.

The Legend of St. *Germain* ſays, That that Saint rais'd up a dead Aſs to life again. The Legend of that Saint is to be believ'd, *Ergo*, You muſt believe the Vindicator and his Atteſtators.

In the 38 Article the Doctor depoſes, *That* White *wrote to* London *to* Fenwick, *that he had ordered twelve Jeſuits to go for* Holland, *to inform the* Dutch, *that the Prince of* Orange *intended to make himſelf King, but they got no farther then* Watten, *by reaſon of ſome miſchance, which Letter the Deponent ſaw.*

This the Vindicator ſayes, with more then ordinary Choller, is a Lye malitious and ridiculous; malitious, in charging ſuch an odious buſineſs upon the Jeſuits. Not ſo malitious neither, Hiſtory has charg'd the Jeſuites with far greater Crimes committed in *Holland* then this. No leſs then the Murther of *William* of *Orange*, and the ſame as fairly intended *Maurice Naſſau*, both perpetrated by perſons inſtigated, encourag'd, embolden'd, hired, paid and Miſſionated by the Provincial and Rector of *Doway*, and other Jeſuites, as *Thuanus*, whom the Vindicator, if he dares, may deny for a good Teſtimony, more at large relates.

A Ridiculous, in ſuppoſing that the *Engliſh* Jeſuites have either credit or acquaintance with the States of *Holland*. The Fool will turn Changling before the end of his Vindication. As if we thought the Jeſuites had no more wit than to appear in *Holland* in all their formalities. No, no, they have their ſhapes and their diſguiſes, and if they want credit or acquaintance, they want neither Money nor Inſinuation to procure both, unleſs they be all ſuch Dunces as the Vindicator. He I confeſs is no great man of Language, he'l tell ye ye Lie, and 'tis Falſe,-----And fearing that neither his *Malitious*, nor his *Ridiculous* would ſerve his turn, in his own natural Delivery, he affirms, *The Jeſuites never had any ſuch deſign, and that no Jeſuit or Jeſuits were ſent about it.* All which we find him endeavouring to prove thus, for it is ſometimes requiſite to let you ſee the quint Eſſence of his Arguments.

Six Jeſuites could not be ſpared out of the Seminary of St. *Omers* upon ſuch a Deſign.

Ergo. Not Twelve out of the whole Province.

Again. They that ſtopt at *Watten*, could not be ſent to *Holland*; for had they been ſent, they had gone.

Ergo. They were not ſent, becauſe they did not go.

To the 39 Article he anſwers, That *Blundel* proteſted he never heard of any ſuch Letter, and ſo refers ye to Atteſtation *E*.

In the 41 Article the Doctor depoſes, That *Fenwick* told him that the Jeſuits had 60000 l. *per Annum*, and 100000 l. *in Bank*, and that he lent out money at 50 *per Cent*. This he denies, and wonders how it ſhould be true. But it is a Proverh fix'd upon the Jeſuits,

Quod Vultur eſt Milvo, id Jeſuita eſt Monacho.

So that it is no wonder that the moſt Covetous, Proling, Scraping, Racking, Cozening, Cheating, purloyning Order in the World, ſhould have 60000 l. *per Annum*, and a hundred Thouſand pound in *Banck*. The Vindicator little underſtood what belongs to ſums beyond his own Seminary Exhibition; and *Fenwick* was a filly Jeſuit-Broaker. There be thoſe who have better calculated the Jeſuits Incomes, that could have informed the Vindicator that their Revenues above 20 years ago, amounted to two Millions of Crowns in Gold yearly, which is above 500000 l. *per Annum*, a ſum far greater then what the Vindicator admires at. And there is no queſtion to be made, but that they who were contriving the ruin of Princes and whole Nations, had ſome of their bulky Banck diſpoſed of near the Scene of their Expences requiſite for ſuch a deſign. And for the Jeſuits Conſciences, we leave them to their Brethren the Jews to take meaſure of them by their own.

The 42 Article depoſes, that *Harcourt*, *Fennick*, *Keynes*, and another of the Society, *declar'd their intentions to raiſe a commotion in the Kingdom of England*,

land, and Dominion of *Wales*; *which appear'd alſo by ſeveral Letters ſhewed the Deponent.*

This the Vindicator calls a *Lye without any ſigne of Truth, and would have any one of theſe Letters produced.* What would it have ſignified? For the Vindicator would have brought ſomebody to proteſt there were no ſuch Letters written. Produce their Letters, and either they make their Equivocating Comments upon them, or elſe deny their own hands, which has not ſav'd their Necks for all that. That's ſuch a Flim Flam Story, for a Sancha Pancha of a Vindicator, to bid us produce Letters, when he himſelf has undertaken to venture his Soul, and all the pains of Hell and Purgatory to confound what ever can be produc'd, which bare denials and atteſtations out of the Clouds, and that with ſuch a daring and audacious Impudence, as if Truth were only confin'd to that foul skulking hole of Iniquity and Treaſon at St. *Omers*. And then with a plauſible Inſinuation, They that all our modern Hiſtories have Character'd for the grand Incendaries of the World, They that are Chronicl'd for their Murders and Maſſacres, and their inflaming all the Kingdoms of *Europe*, and diſturbing the repoſe of Church and State over all Chriſtendom. They ſhall come to a pitiful, idle, nonſenſical Vindicator, and bid him cry to the Deponent for depoſing the Truth, and detecting their hateful Conſpiracies, *What a Commotion you have rais'd in* England, *all the World may ſee.* Yes, and all the World (no queſtion) by the vanity of this Vindicators attempt, by the ſordidneſs of his Defence, do plainly ſee who were the Original cauſe of all this Commotion; not the Deponent; for the Enterprize, had it not been Truth, would have ſunk ſuch a mean and deſpicable *Slanderer* as he. But thoſe aſpiring, topping Sons of Perdition, whoſe wicked Principles oblige them to lay, (if they can bring it to paſs) all the Princes and States of *Europe* at the feet of a Leud and Prophane Antichriſt.

To the 43 Article, *That no Meſſengers were ſent by the Names of* Moor *and* Sanders, *with inſtructions to carry themſelves like Nonconformiſt* Scots, *&c.*

He ſays little, but ſeems to be in an Extaſie, and wonders whom the Deponent means, for he never could hear of any Jeſuit of thoſe Names. A very likely thing indeed, that never any *Engliſh* Jeſuit (at any time) bore the common Names of *Moor*, *Sanders*, and *Brown*, ſo vulgar almoſt in every Society of Ten. But what needs all this Amazement? No body ſays they were Jeſuits, nor ſent as Jeſuits, but as Meſſengers or Emiſſaries, any thing but Jeſuits. And thus you ſee what is the main thing impos'd upon the Vindicator to do; he is to deny right or wrong; at which his fidelity is ſo nimble, that rather then not deny, he will deny what was never averr'd. You ſhall ſee, when he finds that his Vindication has done more harm than good, He will deny there was ever any ſuch thing written, or ever ſeen in the World.

To the 44. *That the Jeſuites communicate the ſecret Counſels of the King, which they purchaſe with their money, to* La Chaiſe *the French Kings Confeſſor*, &c.

He ſayes poſitively, all this is falſe, and to make it out, tells ye, *There was no need of purchaſing Intelligences while the Coffee-houſes ſtood.* He would make us believe the Jeſuits were the arranteſt Ideots in Nature, as if we thought that Coffee-houſe Intelligence were the purchaſe which they Fiſh'd for with their Silver-hooks. No, no, 'twas they themſelves, who then, and ſtill do, make thoſe Coffee-houſes he prates of, the *Nurſeries of Rebellion*, by their own Emiſſaries, daily employ'd, to divulge their Lies and Forgeries,

Et ambiguas in vulgum ſpargere voces,

on purpoſe to caſt a miſt before the Eyes of the people, and gather ſtrength to renew their diſappointed Villanies: So that his Coffee-houſe Inference is nothing but a meer Smoak.

The 46 Article depoſes, *That the Letters from St.* Omers *expreſſed great joy, that Sir* G. W. *had undertaken the buſineſs.*

To which he Replies, it is falſe, that ever Sir *G. W.* undertook the buſineſs: for why? it appears ſo by the publick Verdict of the Jury at his Tryal.

An Argument of the Vindicators own Framing againſt himſelf; for by the ſame inference it is apparent, that all that was Sworn againſt the reſt that were Hang'd, was true, becauſe the Publick Verdict of the Jury found 'em Guilty. See how theſe fellows glory in one Acquittal, and yet it is a thing frequently obſerv'd, That many times the greateſt Fellons eſcape, when leſſer Criminals are Condemn'd. By which the whole Nation may ſee of what a dangerous conſequence it is to ſhew the leaſt grain of Mercy to the Unmerciful. And yet the Argument is not ſo potent neither, when we conſider how much men of Reaſon are diſſatisfied with that Acquittal, and how the Papiſts laugh in their Sleeves, and ſing Jubilate, not ſo much for the eſcape of the Perſon, as the ſucceſs of their underhand dealing.

The reſt of the Chapter is ſo Ridiculous, that I paſs it over, as being unwilling to tire the Reader with Impertinencies that may be avoided.

CHAP. VIII.

VVhat he Relates of the Jeſuites and others inclusively from the 54 *to the* 81 *Article.*

ART. 55. *Mr.* Jenniſon *ſaid, That if the King did not become* R. C. *he ſhould not be long* C. R.

This the Vindicator calls a *groundleſs Lye*; but ſayes withal, if any ſuch thing were ſaid, *It was becauſe of the Presbyterians, and not of the Papiſts.* So then, the Queſtion is not ſo much, Whether Mr. *Jeniſon* ſpoke the words, but whither he ſpoke them of the *Presbyterians* or the *Papiſts?* If he ſpoke them of the *Presbyterians*, they were true: If of the *Papiſts*, they were falſe. What an open piece of Impudence this is, to Arraign a whole Depoſition for a groundleſs Lye; and yet with the ſame Breath to confeſs they might be ſpoke? If he has not been ſoundly *Pickering'd* already for this miſtake, he notoriouſly deſerves it.

Article 57. Fenwick *told the Deponent, that he had Writ that the King was gone to* Windſor, *and that honeſt* William *and the* Fathers *were ready to attend the Court.*

To this he ſays, the firſt part might probably be true, but the latter part is falſe; as alſo, that *Fenwik* told him of the *Contents of the Letter.* How then came the Deponent to know of the Information given of the Kings going to *Windſor?* 'Tis plain he knew it, and he Swears *Fenwick* told him, and you Mr. Vindicator muſt produce ſome other Intelligencer, or elſe your Vindication will hang o'the Hedge.

Article 58. Keines *Preach'd a Treaſonable Sermon to Twelve perſons of Quality, That Proteſtant Princes were* ipſo facto *Depoſed.*

Nothing

Nothing more confirms the Truth of the thing, then the Subject of the Sermon. But this he calls a *Train to blow up any man that the Deponent ſhould mark out for Deſtruction.* How common a thing it is among the Jeſuits, to *lay Trains* againſt, not only the Reputations, but the Lives of Great Men, they themſelves ſufficiently know; and to requite that knowledge of theirs, we know as well how hard a Task it is here for the Deponent to pick and chooſe the Subjects of his Accuſation conſidering before what Judges he muſt appear. The Vindicator ſhould have done well to have come into *England*, and liv'd half a year or ſo at *Newgate* before he began his great work, they would have taught him far better pleading then this: And yet he has the *Effronterie* to pretend from hence great inconveniencies, *if Perjury continue Paramount, and Knaves be rewarded.* Never did Mortal ſpeak more like a Knave then this Vindicator; for the Depoſition only ſuppoſes they were men of Quality, and yet he grounds a Perjury upon it. See how curſedly this great *Atlas* of the Catholick cauſe crickles at the hamms. A voice I hear, but nothing do I ſee, ſpeak who thou art, that we may return thee thanks for thy Learned Paraphraſes.

Article 59. Keines *advis'd a Gentleman in or about* Weſtminſter, *to remove thence, leaſt God ſhould deſtroy him with the Sinners of that City.*

Well! what doth the Vindicator ſay to this? why---*That* Keines *proteſted he never ſaid any ſuch thing; and any man that knows both, will take his word, before the Deponents Oath.*

And I would adviſe *Keines* rather to croud among the Dominicans, under the Virgin *Maries* Petticoat, then come hither to try the Experiment.

Article 60. Keines *ſaid it was endeavoured to diſpatch* 48 *at* Wiudſor; *that* Corker *and the* Benedictines *had promiſed* 6000 l. *that two of them own'd it, and that their buſineſs was to remove the* Stuarts *out of the way: and that* Coniers *laid a wager, that the King ſhould not live to eat any more Chriſmas Pies, &c.* This the Vindicator calls *Poetry*, as being one of the Tragical Order himſelf. But whatever is the matter, here's neither *ye Lye*, nor Atteſtation G: ſurely the man forgot himſelf, or elſe theſe two great Cronies of his were tir'd and gone to ſleep. Only he throws himſelf upon *Corkers* acquittal: a very ſlight Bladder to Swim with in ſuch an intended Sea of Blood. For though *Corker* were acquitted, it was for want of double Evidence which the Law required: Not that the Court believ'd him Innocent; and therefore they gave new orders to Detain him, which was but ſour Sawce to the ſweet Morſels of his acquittal. Truly this Article, great Man of might, requir'd a more *Garagantua* like Vindication. You ſhould have rous'd all your *ye lyes*, and *'tis falſes*, and now he lyes under Conviction and embodied all your *Atteſtations* to have given Battle to this Article: and if you could have got all St. *Malo's* Dogs to have help'd ye, all had been little enough.

Article 61. Keines *took the Deponent to an Aſſembly of the* Dominicans, *where ſix were met in the name of the reſt, with their Provincial, to comply with the fathers of the Society. There alſo met five Jeſuits.* Keines *demanded of the* Dominicans *money to carry on the buſineſs of Killing the King:* The *Dominicans* anſwered, *They were poor, but would give their aſſiſtance and Counſel. Hence the Deponent was ſent with the Propoſals to the* Carmelites, who anſwered, *Their prayers to God and the Bleſſed Lady ſhould not be wanting, and that was all they could give.*

What ſays the Vindicator to all this? why, ſince you needs muſt have it, He ſays, *All thoſe that know the Emulations that have been, and ſtill are, between the* Dominicans *and the* Jeſuits, *will ſcarce believe thoſe would meet to comply with theſe;*

Oh! Mr. Vindicator, you are ill read in Hiſtory: *Herod* and *Pilate* could well agree to remove the King of the *Jews*. Though the *Dominicans* and *Jeſuits* jangle about the Conception of the Virgin, they may agree for all that, about the Conception of a Plot. Nay, the Pope himſelf could reconcile himſelf to the *Turk*, and call him into the bowels of *Italy* to help him at a dead lift. You are a whole *Dutch* League too ſhort of a Vindication yet.

Art. 62. Blundel *ſaid his Workmen wanted Oyle, which the Deponent ſuppoſed to be Sheeps Fat.* Coniers *ſaid, the Hill people were fools to ſet upon* 48 *at* Windſor, *but he would ſpeak to his Worſhip in other Language then in* Tormentillo, *but that if his Shirt on his back ſhould know how, he would burn it.*

All this the Vindicator denies, and ſends ye to Atteſtation *S*, as the Dice in the *Dutch* Fortune-book ſend ye to the Philoſopher *Pythagoras*.

Art. 64. *That* Fogarthy *is a main Agent in this Helliſh plot. That he told the Deponent he was preſent when Sir G. W. was contracted with; and that he had hir'd four Ruffians to mind the Kings Poſtures at* Windſor.

To this he ſays, the firſt is a *Lye*, the ſecond is a *Lye*, and the third is a *Lye*. Moſt Serene and Polite Vindicator, we greet thee Well. *Cicero* himſelf could have ſaid no more. From whence I argue thus.

He that tells another man *he Lyes* three times, has the better of the Diſpute.
The Vindicator tells the Deponent he Lyes three times,
Ergo, The Vindicator has the better of the Diſpute.
Now to turn the Argument,
The Vindicator tells me, the Pope is not Antichriſt.
I tell the Vindicator he Lyes three times.
Ergo. The Pope muſt be Antichriſt.
And ſo there's a *Rowland* for his *Oliver*.

Having thus done with the Quinteſcence of his Ingenuity, we ſhall come to the droſſy part of his Wit, which lies in his Reflections. By which, if he knew how, he would fain inſinuate ſtrange Chimera's into the peoples Heads, as *Bufalmacco* in *Boccace* frighted his Maſter with Dor-flies, and bits of lighted Wax-candles.

And to this purpoſe he terrifies ye with the Inconvenience of Blank Accuſations. *For*, ſays he, *the Depoſition concerning four Ruffians, was filled up by* Jeniſons *naming four Innocent perſons to get a falſe Witneſſes Reward to pay his Debts, and ſupply his want of money.* There's now for Mr. *Jeniſon*, I think he had better have held his Tongue. The Vindicator finds another ſubſtantial Evidence come in to confirm the Narrative, and therefore he muſt be beſpaul'd with his Jeſuitical drivel. But thoſe *Innocent perſons* never came in to juſtifie themſelves, and in regard the Law of the Land ſuppoſes them guilty that fly for it, it is not for his Pie-Powder-Court at St. *Omers*, to determine who are guilty, and who are Innocent in *England*; or to dive into the reaſons of other mens Loyalty; as if none but the neceſſitous could be Loyal, and none but Fugitives Innocent: Or as if the Juſtice of *England* accus'd or condemn'd any man to pleaſe the Kings Evidence; or that the Kings Evidence were ſo dear to him, that he would ſacrifice his Juſtice to their private Intereſt. Brain of a Taylor you are too ſawcy.

He goes on, *No man can be ſecure in the way of a Mad-Dog, or an Impudent lying Witneſs*, ſuch as your Mungrel Atteſtators, *as long as the Clamours of the Rabble are ſo loud, that neither Juſtice or Reaſon can be heard.* He's miſtaken, Reaſon and Juſtice have both in a good meaſure been ſo well ſatisfyed, that I dare

dare ſay, they will never appeal to St. *Omers* for the redreſs of their Grievances. By the way, Gentlemen, you are to conſider whom this Brain of a Taylor calls the *Rabble*: none but the Lords and Commons of *England*, you your ſelves, and the whole Body of the Nation.

Thoſe, ſays he, *were wiſeſt that embraced a voluntary Exile*. He is miſtaken again, they are no voluntary Exiles, they were Baniſhed by the Law of the Land, and were but intruders into the Kings Dominions. They were the Peſt of the Nation, that eſcaped the proviſion of divers wholeſome Statutes, like old cunning Vermine, *Let them that ſtay behind, look to themſelves as well as they can*. You ſpeak like an Oracle; let 'em Fee their Counſellor, and take his advice.

Article 65. *That the Deponent at* Madrid, *had ſeen the Lord Embaſſador, Sir* William Godolphin *at Maſs, and was perfectly inform'd by the Arch-Biſhop of* Tuam, *that the Embaſſador held great correſpondence with the Arch-Biſhop, and that a Jeſuite had read to him* Philoſophy *and Divinity. That* Suiman *a Jeſuite, in a Letter to the Deponent the* 30*th of* July *Newſtile, did ſpecifie, that Sir* William *was as induſtrious as any man could be, to anſwer the expectation of the Society.*

Here, ſays the Vindicator, *are as many Lyes as Periods*. For,

1*ſt*, 'Tis Falſe.
2*ly*, 'Tis Falſe.
3*ly*, 'Tis Falſe.
4*ly*, 'Tis Falſe.
5*ly*, 'Tis Falſe.
6*ly*, 'Tis Falſe.

This puts me in mind of a Scene in *Ben. Johnſon's Alchymiſt*, where *Face* and *Suttle* undertake to teach *Kaſtril* to Quarrel. The Jeſuites I liken to *Face* and *Suttle*, the Vindicator to *Kaſtril*. *Face* and *Suttle* teach *Kaſtril* their Art; *Kaſtril* well inſtructed, takes a peek at the Doctor. Now *Kaſtril*, come—ſhew your parts,—'Tis Falſe,—ye Lye, quo he----How! Child of Wrath and Anger, the loud Lye! why ſo ſodain, ſay we. Nay, look you to that, I am aforehand, quo *Kaſtril*. Talk to him of the Arch-Biſhop of *Tuam*, you Lye quo *Kaſtril*; talk to him of a Letter from *Suiman*, you Lye cryes *Kaſtril*. Nay, ſay *Face* and *Suttle*, if you don't quarrel him out of the world, you do nothing. Preſently *Kaſtril*, you Deponent, if you wont get ye out of the world, ye Lye.

This is juſt the Vindicators chollerick method of Proceeding, the Battoons of his Rhetorick, with which he thinks to Cudgel us out of our Senſes, and the Doctor out of his Reputation. But what ſaid the Curteſan *Thais* of that ſame Swaſh-Buckler *Thraſo* in *Terences Eunuchi*?

——— *ne metuas,*
Sane, quod tibi nunc vir videatur eſſe, hic
Nebula magna eſt.

A meer *Fizzle-Sucker*, that thinks to blow up Solemn Oaths and Depoſitions with the windy Eructations of Scurrility and foul Language. Language that iſſues from his Mouth with a ſteam as putrid as the Exhalations of the Tyrant *Gelo's* Breath. Language ſo undecent, ſo unbecomming any perſon that pretends to ſo much Learning as to put Pen to Paper, that it cannot be imagin'd that any man but of common Education, of indifferent Breeding, or but ordinary Generoſity, which abominate ſcurrility and rudeneſs in converſation, will harbour the leaſt belief of ſuch a naſty and ſlovenly Writer.

For as there are ſome certain Ragamuffins that deſerve to be Kick'd out of all Society; ſo there are ſome Books to be Kick'd out of all Credit, and among the reſt, none more deſervedly then this ſame ſardel of impertinent Ruffianiſme.

He challenges the Deponent, *to produce the Letter of the 30th of July from* Suiman, *which he might have done, becauſe directed to himſelf.* What a deluſion would he here put upon the People? He knows that Letters of this Nature being once read by thoſe to whom they are directed, to their Superiors, they are by them taken away, and laid up among their *Archivæ*, and yet he challenges the Deponent to produce what he knows to be out of his reach. It ſeems it was not ſo convenient for him to be now ſo punctual in declaring the Cuſtomes of the *Jeſuits*, as upon other occaſions, which made him omit this. *If*, ſays he, *the Arch-Biſhop of* Tuam, *or the Jeſuit, being Subjects of the King, waited on his Majeſties Embaſſador, they did but their Duty.* They were under no ſuch obligation, being no Subjects of the King, in regard they deny him that Allegiance and Supremacy which the Law of the Land requires to make them ſo. King and Subject are the *Termini Relativi*, Duty and Protection are the Relations between thoſe Termes: No Duty, no Subject: no King, no Protection. And thus it may be ſaid, that no *Engliſh* Roman Catholick is a Subject to the King. They live under his *Moral* Protection, as Travellers and Forraign Traders, not under his *Relative* Protection, as Subjects. But the Jeſuites are ſo far from being no Subjects, that they are Traytors proſcrib'd by the Law; and therefore for an Embaſſador to correſpond with ſuch, I ſuppoſe is a Priviledge which no Prince or State in Chriſtendom allows their Forraign Miniſters. Now you ſhall ſee how the Vindicator ſtrives to diſ-intangle himſelf. He ſayes, *'Tis abſolutely falſe, that their paſt any intimate correſpondence, chiefly in Publick concerns:* That is to ſay, *'tis abſolutely falſe*, and it is not *abſolutely falſe*. The *Affirmative* was *ſingular*, and therefore the *Negative* ſhould have been *Univerſal*. In the Name of St. *Dominic*, what did you mean to meddle with that word *Chiefly* for? Oh, cry ye Mercy, 'twas to ſhew your parts, and to let us ſee, that you could tell a Man *he ly'd*, and yet confeſs 'twas true what he ſaid, both at the ſame time.

To the 67 Article he only gives ſix Lyes, ſends ye to three or four of his Paltry Atteſtations, and ſays no more. So that ſix being twice three, by vertue of an Argument already drawn from his own Topicks, if we tell him he Lies ſix times, the Article is true, and we are even with him.

To the 69 Article, he anſwers, *that* Blundel *the Traytor proteſted he knew nothing of the buſineſs.*

And then, ſays he, *It ſeems the* 22. *of* Auguſt *was well employ'd, for though the Deponent had neither eat nor drank, nor ſtopp'd all the day*, He went to ſuch a place, and ſuch a place, and ſuch a place; met with ſuch a one, and ſuch a one, and ſuch a one; heard this Diſcourſe, and that Diſcourſe; ſaw theſe Letters and t'other Letters, and what then? why it could not be, unleſs the *day had bin as long as that in which* Joſhua *fought againſt the* Philiſtines; *or that himſelf had been as buſie as* Menechmus *ſeeking his Brother.* Who ſays there's no Wit ſtiring at St. *Omers*? Here are a brace of *Similes*, the one out of the *Bible*, the other out of *Plautus's Menachmei*; excellently well-match'd, like a black and white Coach-Horſe both at one Pole, and as much to the purpoſe as his compariſon of *Lucians True Hiſtory.* However, you ſee by this he had read three Books, *Lucian*, *Joſhua*, and *Plautus*. Now, what's the uſe of theſe two *Biblio-Plautinian* Hyperboles? To prove that a man muſt be Perjur'd, becauſe he went

went Twelve hours without eating or drinking. What a Perjur'd fellow was St. *Marin* of *Romini*, to fast six whole days together; and *Barthæus* the Hermite to macerate himself so long without eating or drinking, till the Worms bred in his Teeth? What a Perjur'd Knave was St. *Dominic*, to dispatch as many Penances in six days, as serv'd for a hundred years? I think he was much more busie for the time, then the Deponent or *Menæchmus* either. What a Perjur'd Villain was St. *Francis* to fast 40 days together in honor of St. *Michael*? There's ne're a poor Souldier in a Campaigne that marches Twelve hours without sustenance, but must be Perjur'd. Not a man in the world that dispatches more business in a day, then the Vindicator would have him, but must be perjured. Certainly this is some *Stylite* newly crept out of a hollow Pillar, that talks so ridiculously of the affairs of the world. Mr. *Asinego*, if you want Fables, go and Read your own Legends, the Narrative I find is above your fathoming.

Article 70. On the 24*th* of August, *Blundel* told the Deponent, *That the Catholicks would shorten the Kings days; and that the Protestant Religion stood on its last Leggs.* Here we have gain'd one point at length: For saith he, *Had this been produc'd at the beginning, it might have been tollerable, but to bring it where it stands, was senceless.*

If it were true at the beginning, it is true where it is. Truth is confin'd to no place, and therefore we shall take no care to remove it, if you have no better Reason. Oh! but he has a Reason: For that after the Deponent had produc'd the *Dominicans* and *Carmelites* dissenting from the Business, he now says *All Catholicks.* He does not say the *Dominicans* and *Carmelites* dissented; he Swears that both pleaded Poverty, but the *Dominicans* offer'd them their personal Assistance and Money: The *Carmelites* promised to assist them with their Prayers to God, and our Blessed Lady. Hoping that if God would not hear their Prayers, our Blessed Lady would. So that Heaven's be Prais'd, this Article as if it were the Lawrel Tree of the Narrative, stands not so much as blasted by all his Thunder. And then

——— *dato hoc uno absurdo,*
Sequuntur all the Rest.

To the next Article, he says, Blundel *protests he knows nothing of the Business.*

Article 72. Blundel *shew'd the Deponent the Bull, by which the two Arch-Bishoppricks, 21 Bishoppricks, two Abbey's, and six Deaneries are disposed of. Nor are there any Prebendaries or other places undisposed of.* To this he answers only with Periods, Heaven's! quo he, setting him upon his Tayle, and lifting up his two Paws like a Bear in Astonishment. Such Benefices to be bestow'd without the Kings consent! As if it were likely his Holiness would ask the King of *England* leave to dispose of the Popes Benefices. All in one Bull! That so carelessly sent! so carelessly produc'd! Not one Protestant to be continu'd! No, if it were to save his Soul. All the promoted Persons ignorant of their Advancement! who can swallow such Mountains of Incredibility? Rub his nostrills with a little Spirit of *Bezoar*, the man has been in a desperate Agony. What a contraction there is upon the Vindicators Wind-Pipe on a suddain. He will make you believe by and by, that his Gullet is no wider then the passage from Purgatory to Heaven. He can swallow the *Incredibility* that his Holiness should ask leave of the King to dispose of the Popes Benefices: The *incredibility* that any one

Protestant should be continued in his Living; which I can hardly swallow m self; and yet he cannot swallow the probability of the Popes trusting the *Bull* with his own Creatures, that one *Bull* should pass for all, at a Conjuncture when too many *Bulls* would make too much Roaring; nor the probability that the parties concern'd and promoted knew of it; because he says, they did not. I warrant ye, were it an Attestation *G.* or *D.* he would swallow it, though it were as big as the Globe of the Earth, But I am inform'd by several Physitians, that the Jesuits Stomachs have a particular Antipathy against Narrative Pills; shew a Jesuit a Narrative Pill, and it puts him into a fit of the Quinsie immediately. His *Uvola* will close and shut up like a Misers Buttery hatch upon the sight of one. He cannot swallow a Narrative Pill, though it were no bigger then a Tobacco seed. And therefore no wonder these *incredibilities* seem so montainous to one that has drank some sort of Styptic water, and purs'd up his Wind-Pipe, as the Gentleman purs'd up his Mouth in the Ladies Chamber.

Art. 52. *That the Deponent saw a Pacquet from the Fathers met at* Edenburgh, *to the Fathers here, acquainting them, that* 8000 *Papists were ready to rise, to assist the disaffected* Scots, *when required by the* Scotch *Jesuits there. That one* Westby *was destroyed by a Servant of* Lovel *the Jesuit, for endeavouring to detect the Rebellion*, &c.

To all this the Vindicator cries, *Not one word True.* What are his Reasons. 1. *Because there never was any meeting of* English *Jesuits in* Edenburgh. 2. *No* English *Jesuits in* Scotland. 3. *Never* Lovel. 4. *Nor any Servant of his were ever there.* 5. *No correspondence of* English *Jesuits in* Scotland. 6. *No knowledge of Affairs of that Kingdom but by the Gazetts.*

He would make us believe that *Scotland* was one of the happiest Kingdoms in *Europe*, as if the Air of that Country would no more admit of the Vermine of Popery, then *Ireland* endure the Venome of Toads and Spiders. But how doss he come to know all this? Nay, that's a secret,---- Some body, it may be suppos'd, has told him, and he tells you, and his *Ipse dixit* you must take for Gospel. However, suppose they were *Scotch* Jesuites that met at *Edenborough* (for the Article says nothing of *English* Jesuites) what's to be said then? Why then he'l Swear there never was a *Scotch* Jesuit upon the Face of the Earth. So that the Vindicator is ready prepar'd for ye, come at him which way ye will. Now, can any body believe this Vindicator cares what he says, that will assert so positively, that never any *English* Jesuits met at *Edenborough* since the Creation of the world? That the Jesuites hold no correspondence with *Scotland*. That they who correspond with *China* and the *Indies*, should forbear to correspond with *Scotland*, where there is such advantagious Brewing, to the disturbance and molestation of *England*.

Art. 75. Tho. White *writ to* Blundel, *that he was inform'd of some Discovery, yet he should not desist the business in hand. That he should thank* Fogarthy *for his Care of the business of* 48, *meaning the King; and for his forwardness to assist those in* Ireland, *for whose good success he would pray.*

Some burnt at *Wild-house.*

This he confutes by the strength of his Politicks: *For*, saith he, *had there bin so horrid a Plot, and* White *had heard it was discovered, he should have order'd the Conspirators to have desisted, secur'd their Persons, and made away their Papers.* 'Tis very true, but there are many Fool-hardy persons that are often washed to the Skin for ventring into the Shower, believing 'twill presently blow over. The Conspirators design was so well laid, and their Party so Strong,

they

thought nothing would have been heard, much leſs believ'd againſt them. And therefore none but ſuch ſhallow Pates, and of as little Sence as the Inventer of theſe Suppoſitions, but will believe that *White* had all the reaſon in the world to command them to go on. For it is not to be thought, that Men of ſuch High undertakings, and that knew upon what Foundations they Trod, were to be Bug-Beard out at the whiſpring of an uncertain Report. Nay, it behov'd them to go on with more vigour, when they knew how eaſily the ſuddain Expedition of one ſingle Aſſaſſination would have prevented the conſequences of that Rumour. Had the Deponent, ſays the Vindicator, ſaid that White *had deſired their Prayers for the Preſervation of himſelf, his Province, and all the Catholicks, his Narrative might have been Believ'd.* To what purpoſe ſo much Praying for perſons, that had ſecur'd their perſons and their papers? But 'tis much to the ſame Effect; for had he gone the Vindicators way, and accus'd *White* for deſiring the Prayers of his fellow Traytors upon ſuch an accompt, he had but made a Diſcovery, and ſo he did, by taking his own Courſes. So that the Vindicator ſeems now to be angry at the Deponent, not for diſcovering the Plot, but for not doing it that way he would have had him. But to make him amends, if he will be pleaſed to come and make any farther and real Diſcoveries himſelf, he ſhall have his Liberty to uſe his own Method.

The 77 Article, contains the Deponents Entertainment at the Provincials Lodging.

This he calls coherent Nonſence. *For none*, ſays he, *who knew* White *in his Vigour, will believe he could beat ſo ſtout a man as the Deponent, conſidering the weak condition he was in when he came to* London. What made him venture his weak Carkaſs at *London*. It muſt be no ordinary occaſion certainly that made him hazard the Inconveniencies of Sea and Land in that weak condition. This Vindicator can believe that St. *Denis* when he was in a weaker condition, when he had his Head cut off, could run with it in his Hand above a League, and yet now he thinks it ſuch a Miracle for the Provincial of the Jeſuites, to give an Inferior that durſt not reſiſt him, and yet had ſo highly incenſed him, a blow or two of Correction with his Cane. And yet his condition was not ſo weak neither, but that he could ſtand well enough at the Bar long after that, to tell a company of flim flam Lyes and Falſities, without the aſſiſtance of *Aqua Mirabilis*.

The reſt is onely a Repetition of the words of the Narrative, with ſome few Comments, and a Story of his own framing, ſo little to the purpoſe, as if he had made it his buſineſs to play the Fool. But at laſt he concludes, that for all their fears of the Deponent, White *kept his ordinary Lodgings, removed no Papers, left thoſe under his Conduct in their ordinary Stations, &c.* Which alone to Poſterity will be a convincing proof of his Innocency. That is to ſay, *White* believ'd that the Deponent was a Perſon, whoſe Information would be eaſily cruſh'd by the ponderous weight of the Popiſh Intereſt, and ſo he reſolv'd to go with the Plot. It was not his Innocency, but the blindneſs of his Zeal, and the great encouragements and probability of ſucceſs that hardned him to merited Deſtruction. *Quos Deus vult perdere*, was the Fate that hung over his Head. His ſtay at his Lodgings could be no convincing proof to Poſterity of his Innocency, in regard that that very act of his, render'd him a Criminal, by which he had at that very time forfeited his In-

nocency to the Law of the Land. And therefore he could not ſtay to juſtifie what he had forfeited by his ſtay: but he had a longing deſire to ſee the utmoſt of what He had bin ſo long a Spinning, and was fnapt in the midſt of an inſenſible Vexation, to ſee the Labour of many Months and Years loſt.

As for his Chapter upon the *Commiſſions given to the Nobility*, I paſs it by, in regard the Perſons themſelves are yet to make their Deſences; which if they prove no better then what their officious Vindicator preſent us with, is a very Ominous Proſpect of their ſucceſs. However to give them an Eſſay of his Rhetorick, He tells them what *a wiſe man ſaid*, a very bad beginning my Lords, for it ſeems it is not your Advocate that is the *Wiſeman*, but another Man, and that's apparent by his thus ſpoiling his own Market. For the Lords will certainly go to the Wiſeman, and not to the Fool, I mean the Vindicator. But what ſays the Wiſeman? Why, this Wiſeman concluded, That *either what* Homer *and* Ovid *writ of the Lyes, and* Æſop *of Beaſts, were no Fables or the Engliſh Conſpiracy is a Fable*—Truly the Wiſeman did not ſpeak very good ſenſe, whoer'e he were. He meant, that *if what* Homer, Ovid, *and* Æſop *wrote, were no Fables, then the Engliſh Conſpiracy was no Fable.* But thoſe were, therefore this is— This I ſuppoſe is the Wiſemans Concluſion: but with the Wiſemans leave, all the World allows there was a great deal of truth couch'd under thoſe Fables, and that very conſiderable truth two, experienc'd and atteſted to be ſo by the Teſtimony of ſeveral Ages. So that if the Narrative be ſo like thoſe Fables, it follows that there is a great deal of Truth couched in the Narrative. Had not the Vindicator bin a Fool, he might have bin as Civil to the Lords as the Wiſeman, and not have ſtood outfacing and denying like a Sott in ſo many Pages what a *Wiſeman* has granted in two Lines. And now being in the Company of Lords, he is not aſham'd to tell ye what he is, as good a Traytor, and as worſhipful a Conſpirator, as any of the reſt; Never the leſs, quoth he; *we ſuffer for the Truth*; that is, as his Brethren *Faux* and *Ravillac* did, for the Truth of their Crimes. *And the Truth ſhall ſet us free*, that is, when they have the grace to believe in Chriſt, as the *Truth* in that place ſpoken of, and not the Popiſh Plot. However, had he bin ſo ingenuous as to have quoted the Scripture right, and put in *You* inſtead of *Us*, it had come rightly from him, as thus—*We*, that is, the Vindicator and the Lords, *ſuffer for the Truth*, *And the Truth ſhall ſet* You, the Deponent *free*. I would wiſh the Vindicator to let Scripture alone, unleſs he underſtood it better. And ſo to his

Word of Advice to the Deponent.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Word of Advice to the Deponent.

BUT here you ſhall find, that before he comes to play the Fool, he plays the Knave; and aſſumes to himſelf very arrogantly and audaciouſly to have convinc'd the Deponent of *Evident Untruths*, *Infamous Perjuries*, and *Shameful Perjuries*, when he has no more done it, than he has remov'd the Southern *Tropic* into *Lapland*. He has not aſſign'd one Perjury in all his ribble rabble diſcourſe, but only like the lying Products of *Smithfield* Wit, ſwells his Title to put off his Book. Nay he talks ſo ridiculouſly, ſo idly of Perjury, that he does not ſeem to know what it means. He uſes the word to fright Fools, as Nurſes make uſe of Raw-head and Bloody-bones to fright Children with, yet neither know what they ſay.

His Party have been told that *Perjurus* is one *qui male Jurat ex animi ſui Sententia.* That there is this difference between *Pejerare & falſum jurare.* For *qui Pejerat is ſciens & ex animi ſententia falſum Jurat. Qui falſum jurat, non decipiendi animo hoc facit, ſed quia rem ita ſe habere putat.* Let him prove that the Deponent hath Sworn any thing through the whole Narrative *Scienter & ex animo Sententia*—— Nay, let him prove that the ſlips of memory as to names or time, were ever accounted Perjury, then the Pope ſhall give him the great Motto of *Eris mihi magnus Apollo*: and we will grant him the Cauſe. The Deponent has Sworn *Scienter* there was a *Popiſh Plot.* The Circumſtances he ſware only as believing, *ita rem ſe habere.*

Caitiff of a Vindicator upon the Falſe and Knaviſh Aſſertions of his own Brain to call a man Perjur'd; and to think meerly with Din and Noiſe to ſtop the Inquiſition and purſuit of Truth after Treaſon and Murther! No, he muſt not imagine *England* yet ſo eaſily ſcar'd and deluded by ſuch a *Priapus* of a Vindicator as He. So that I may ſay to Him, as the *Ocean* ſaid to *Prometheus*——

Γλώσσῃ μαπίᾳ ζημία οὐδεμία ἔσῃ.

His ſlanderous Tongue will never do the Deponent Harm—

But what ſort of Counſel is it that this ſame Χηναλώπηξ, half Fox, half Gooſe, pretends ſo freely to beſtow upon the Deponent? He believes that he has diſabl'd the Deponent to follow the *Trade of a Witneſs*, and therefore adviſes Him *to take to ſome more honeſt, though leſs gainful way of living.* A very ſpecious piece of advice indeed—— But when we conſider from whence it comes, and the aim at which our *Adviſer* drives, it appears to be only a drowſie piece of Exhortation, glaz'd and ſweeten'd over for the Palate of the Common People. Good Counſel ought to be without reſpect of Intereſt for the ſole benefit of the Perſon to whom it is given. The *Vindicators* Advice to the Deponent is quite contrary. He and his Party have been acting one of the fouleſt Conſpiracies that Hiſtory can Parallel; and he adviſes the Deponent to

be quiet for the future, and to forbear his farther Profecution. Very good advice truly. Now I would fain know of our Suttle *Vindicator*, what way the Deponent ſhall take to follow his advice? The Parliament of *England* are ſatisfied in the Truth of his Diſcovery; they are ſatisfied that the Vindicator and his Accomplices are guilty of the Villanies and Treaſons of which the Deponent accuſes them; and they require and expect from the Deponent that he ſhould do his duty, and go on as he has begun. Which way now ſhall the Deponent proceed to take his advice, and ſmother thoſe crimes which he has ſo impertinently attempted to vindicate? The Deponent therefore, good Mr. Vindicator, not believing either your pittiful Rhetorick, and more pitiful arguments ſufficient to perſwade him to do a thing ſo unjuſt and deteſtable, gives you this anſwer out of *Tacitus*, *Se neque Proditoris, neque hoſtium conſiliis uti. He is reſolved to make uſe neither of the Counſels of a Traytor, nor his Enemies.*

But what is this for? For the good of the Deponents Soul. How does he prove it? from a miſ-quoted place of Scripture of the *Pſalmes*, *Fill their Faces with ſhame, and they will ſeek thy name, O Lord, Pſalm* 83. not 82. Now this was a complaint of *Davia* himſelf, upon a Conſpiracy againſt his Life and Government, as the Deponent had complain'd of a Conſpiracy againſt the Life of His Majeſty and the *Engliſh* Government. The other is another miſ-quoted Text, from *Eccleſiaſticus* in the *Apocrypha*. For, *There is a ſhame that brings Glory and Grace.* And therefore he would have the Deponent aſham'd of the good he has done for the ſafety of his Prince and Country. As to the firſt of theſe Texts, I cannot well underſtand how the Faces of men could be well filled with more ſhame than to be publickly condemn'd for Treaſon, and as publickly Hang'd for the Crime, and yet the Vindicator is ſo far from ſeeking the name of God, that he ſtill perſiſts in the Devils name, lying and juſtifying thoſe deteſtable Enormities for which they ſuffer'd. And for the latter Text he ſpeaks too late, for the Deponent had appropriated that ſhame long before to himſelf, when out of an abhorrency of their lewd Impieties, he forſook, their *Cercopum Cœtus*, their Dens of Treachery and Forgery, and betook himſelf to make his Diſcovery, of which perhaps e're now he might have reap'd the Conſequences, that is to ſay, *Glory and Grace*, but for your buſie Machinations to undermine and prevent him. However the Deponent underſtands the Bible as well as your Worſhip, and finds a little farther in the ſame Author, *Strive for the Truth unto Death, and the Lord ſhall fight for thee*; which he believes to be far better Counſel than you have given him. And indeed it had been impoſſible for him to have Swum againſt ſuch a ſtream, or rather Torrent of Oppoſition, had he not had the ſtrength of Verity to ſupport and Buoy him up. He has got the hatred of you and your Party moſt certainly; and the ill will of thoſe whom your ſedulity has perverted: He contends dayly with the reproaches of ſome, the envy of others, the diſſimulation of others: Only the Truth of his Narrative begets him ſome Friends among the better ſort of the Nation, and never more hopes than now, that others will change their Opinions upon the ſight of your lying and ſcandalous Vindication.

You

You ſay again, *you have advanced nothing material but what is certainly true.* Which is one of the greateſt Lyes that ever one ſingle man durſt advance in the face of the whole World: There being nothing that is either *Material* or *True.* For ſaith he, *the chiefeſt points are atteſted by Witneſſes of unblemiſh'd Reputation.*———

Here's another Swinger. For as to their Reputation it is ſo far from being *unblemiſh'd*, that it is the fowleſt under the Sun. The Reputation of Fugitives, Traytors and Conſpirators with himſelf in as Bloody a deſign as ever Popery hatch'd; and conſequently *Homines Triobolares, Propertius's Damæ, Treſſis Agaſones.* In the Second place they are no *Witneſſes*, but vain *Atteſtors* in their own wicked cauſe, of whom more anon.

Upon theſe rotten Surmiſes of his own *unparallel'd Confidence*, this *Etnean Beetle*, the Vindicator, this *Monſieur Homme de Rien*, this *Pomarius Hercules* preſumes to judge of the Deponents *Conſcience*, and diſpoſe of his *Salvation.* A Sawcineſs in the Pope himſelf, much more in ſuch a *Popelin* as He. He has been talking Folly and Nonſence all this while, and now conceited of his miſshapen Foppery, would needs ſet himſelf up for a *Deus Ollaris*, and ſit Judge of another mans *Conſcience* and *Salvation.* But I muſt tell you, Sir,

Περιλοσόφηκας, γῆ τε καὶ ὐρανῷ λαλῶν,
Οις οὐδὲν ἔστιν ἐπιμελὲς τῶν σῶν λόγων.

Thou haſt Philoſophiz'd, ſpeaking to Earth and Heaven;
By whom there is no heed given to thy Speeches.

So that you would have done well to have forborn this impertinent piece of Trouble; the Deponent having now quite done with Jeſuitical Confeſſors, and beſides he does not know that ever he requir'd the Vindicators ſollicitude for him in this particular, nor believes that his Epiſcopal juriſdiction reaches into *England.* He makes an idle Story of the Deponents *fainting* at the *Jeſuits Tryal.* If he did, the Crowd and Seaſon of the year might well excuſe him. But *Homer* tells us the reaſon of ſuch a ſmall accident as that, far more diſcreetly than the Vindicators Malitious Inference. The Deponent had a great deal to remember, and a great deal of buſineſs to do.

Αὐτὰρ ἐπεὶ ῥ' ἄμπνυτο, καὶ εἰς φρένα θυμὸς ἀγέρθη ——

He took breath a while ———

Rediitque in pectora Senſus.

The next thing he troubles the World with, is a Sentence of the Lord Chief Juſtices in Sir *G. W's* Tryal. Which in regard it makes nothing to his purpoſe, we ſhall leave to the better conſtruction of thoſe, who no doubt will make a more favourable interpretation of the words. Lord, what would theſe Fellows do with this Vile Heretical Deponents Body, if they had him at *Rome*, that have with ſo much

much inveteracy erected an Inquiſition of his own Conſcience, and a Chief Juſtices Sentence to deprive him of his Salvation. Uſurping a vain Authority over both, as well knowiug that neither the Deponents Conſcience, nor the Chief Juſtices words are at their command. From the Lord Chief Juſtice he repaires to K. *Salomon*, and tells us, *He that is inconſiderate in his Language ſhall feel miſchief.* From whence he undertakes to be a Fortune-teller, and bodes the Deponent bad Luck.

In the firſt place he has confeſſed that the Narrative was Writ with a great deal of Conſideration, and then why may not the precediug words be as true as theſe, *A man ſhall eat good by the fruit of his mouth.* Then for his Prophetick Spirit we value it not of a Nut-ſhell, for the Proverb tells us, 'tis the *Wiſe man that Governs the Stars*, and not ſuch a Fool as He.

He talks of *Eternal Damnation* due to *Falſe Witneſſes and Murtherers.* What's that to the Deponent? Let him and his Atteſtators look to that. Oh but, quo He, I have prov'd him to be both by the *Fore-going Diſcourſe*, as he calls it. You have ſaid ſo ſeveral times, but you muſt come and tell us who you are, and make it out, before any man of reaſon will believe a word you ſay. You will find it a hard task to make the World believe you are able to write Common Senſe, much leſs with your Feeble Armes to expugn the Truth of the *Narrative.* If the *Engliſh* Catholicks had ſuch a mind to a Vindication, they ſhould have done well to have made choice of ſome Perſon of more Wit and more Learning, conſidering the Importance of the Charge with which they entruſted him, than your empty Skull affords.

Having thus toſt your little Squibs of Advice at the Deponent, you throw your Fire-balls at the Citizens of *London*, whom you call the *Giddy Rabble of London.* An Expreſſion you might have forborn, had you had the leaſt grain of prudence in your hollow *Pericranium*; conſidering how much you have already exaſperated 'em, by your late Devaſtation of their City, and laying their pretended Habitations in Aſhes. You may be ſure they have not yet forgot it, nor who were the Authors and Contrivers of their Calamity. They find it in the Narrative, which becauſe you have ſo ſlenderly attack'd, they muſt ſtill and do believe. And therefore you muſt not blame the *Rabble of London*, for being kind to the Perſon that diſcover'd your Villany. I know not what farther Deſigns you and your Confederates may have againſt the *Rabble of London*, that you threaten 'em ſo hard, but I believe for all your Vindication, they will have a narrow eye upon your future Actions, and continue as ſeverely diligent as ever in the preſervation of themſelves from your *Clandeſtine Machinations.*

You ſay that *Whitebread and his Fellow Sufferers pray'd for the Deponent at their Executions.* They had broken the Gallows Cuſtom elſe. 'Tis uſual, and therefore no wonder. All your Thieves, Murderers, and Malefactors are mighty tender hearted, and Pardon all the World like ſo many Popes, before they turn off. But you may aſſure your ſelf, 'twas more than the Deponent ever car'd for, or deſired at their hands, and ſo you may tell the reſt of the *Surviving Jeſuits*, that you ſay *Pray for him ſtill*: For he is fully ſatisfied, how far the Prayers of the wicked will reach Heaven. So that you may go Whiſtle with your

Friendly

Friendly Admonitions, pack up your Awls, and conclude that you have loſt both your *Labour*, and your *hearts deſire*; for that you are never like to have him in your Clutches at St. *Omers* again.

Now for the *Atteſtators* and *Atteſtations* themſelves, they are ſuch as one would think he had intended a Vindication of the *Spaniſh* and *Flemiſh* Catholicks, not of the *Engliſh*.

As for the Perſons themſelves, certainly never was ſuch a parcel of Vermin Muſter'd together out of the Temple Walks, or the Black-pot Houſes in *White-Fryars*, particularly Jeſuits and Mule-men; generally Fugitives, Traytors of the ſame Gang with himſelf, Conſpirators in the ſame Plot, and impeach'd for the ſame Crimes for which ſome of their Fellows have already been Hang'd and Quarter'd by the Law of the Land, and all after a fair Tryal, a deliberate Verdict, and the Sentence of their Judges. To tell you more of them, they are *Οικοθεν μάρτυρες, Teſtes Domeſtici*, ſuch as the Vindicator has at home, that is, within the Verge of Papiſtical Juriſdiction, ready for his and their own advantage. And ſo to bring Evidence of this nature, is no more than what *Cicero*, in his Third Book *de Oratore*, cites, as the ſaying of *Catulus*, of a certain vain declaimer of that time, *Stultitiæ ſuæ quamplurimos teſtes domeſtico præconio colligere*, to bring a Rabble of Knights of the Poſt, or People of his own Stamp to atteſt his own folly. In a word, they are moſt of them of St. *Omers* Breed, and what Ropes of Teſtimony have been ſent from thence, we have had experience ſufficient and publick enough. As for that ſame Dr. *Linch* that pretends to be Arch-biſhop of *Tuam* in *Ireland*, What does he at *Madrid*? If he claim his Dignity from the ſole head of the Church in that Kingdom, who is the King of *Great Britain*, why does he abſent himſelf from his Dioceſs, an Exile from his Duty and his Prince's favour? If he claim under any other Authority, he is a Rebel; and then, what have we to do with him or his Atteſtation either? And the ſame may be ſaid of *Strange*, *Warren*, *Warner*, *Blundel*, and the reſt of his *Engliſh* Crew. Then for the Atteſtations themſelves, being only the Subſcriptions of ſuch *unblemiſh'd Gentlemen*, could ever any man but a Vindicator of the *Engliſh* Catholicks imagine, they ſhould be of any value here? Suppoſe that an *Engliſh* Jeſuit ſhould commit a Felony in *England*, and fly to St. *Omers*, and being afterwards Out-lawd for the Crime, ſhould ſend an Atteſtation under his own Hand, that he was Innocent and knew nothing of the matter; is it poſſible for any man to believe that ſuch a piece of waſt Paper would be ſufficient to acquit the Fellon, and Perjure the Witneſſes that accus'd him? They that inform'd this *Atteſtation-monger* ſo preciſely concerning the Deponents Phyſiognomy, might as well have inform'd him that our Law admits of no ſuch Rubbiſh in Criminal Cauſes, as the Scrawls of Forraign publick Notaries: *Viva voce* Teſtimony carries all in ſuch Caſes. Our Law is ſo far from admitting a Criminal to atteſt, that it will not allow him to ſwear in his own Cauſe. 'Twere a fine thing indeed, that they who dare not ſhew their faces in *England*, ſhould be believed upon the credit of a Forraign ſcrip of Paper. And it is no leſs a wonder that ſuch Sir *Politico*'s as the Jeſuits, ſhould be ſuch Cuckow-brains, as to ſend their Billets into *England* for the Vindication of the *Engliſh* Catholicks, where they knew the Law ſo little valu'd them—— So that being no more than *Cæca Teſtimonia*,

monia, blind Certificates, and as the Poet ca'ls them, Ὅρκοι πρὸς ἀπάτην σοφισταὶ ἀξιόχρεες cunning artifices of deceit, it follows then, that all their Proteſtations to Heaven contain'd therein, were fram'd and modell'd *animo decipiendi*, only to delude the ignorant and unwary People, and ſurprize their belief with the gaudy luſter of *moſt worthy and unblemiſh'd Witneſſes*. Whereas coming to the touch, they prove to be only a Company of Exiles, Traytors and Rebels, their Atteſtations for that reaſon meer trifles, and that for their Proteſtations, they might as well have proteſted by their *Skeanes* and the *Winds*, like the Antient *Scythians*. Now then if the *Engliſh* Catholicks be not Vindicated by their own Laws, the Vindicator has done nothing, his Mountain hath not brought forth at all, the Mouſe is there ſtill. And then what becomes of his confident Aſſertion, that he had advanced nothing but what was *material* and *true*? What will become of all thoſe Forgeries, Lyes, Contradictions, and Perjuries, with which he has ſo impudently and confidently defam'd and Scandaliz'd an approved Narrative? *Tibullus* tells him,

——————Venti
Irrita per terras & ſumma freta ferunt.

In the mean while the Plot is ſtill Popiſh, the *Engliſh* Catholicks are ne're the better, and the *Vindicator* loſes *his hearts deſire*. Three miſchievous accidents to one that pretends to have ſpent ſo much *labour* for thoſe very ends and purpoſes. The Vindicator therefore ſhould have done well to have remembred the Story of that famous Lawyer, *Papinian*, who being flatter'd by *Caracalla*, to Vindicate him for the Murther of his Brother *Geta*, made anſwer *that Crimes of that nature were ſooner committed than excus'd*. 'Twas eaſier for his Brethren the Jeſuits to act as they did, than for him to excuſe their Villany when perpetrated. There is that Guard of Providence over Truth, which is not to be forc'd from her defence by the threatning aſpect, or reproachful Scandals of a more terrible *Gorgons* Head than his.——Though Power and Policy aſſail her both at once, 'tis but a Θεομαχία, from which all the fury and State-Policy in the World will be forc'd to retire at length with ſhame and loſs. So that conſidering the difficulty of the task, and the imbecillity of the Undertaker, there is no neceſſity that he ſhould go preſently and diſpoſe of his body by way of deſpair, for the loſs either of his *Labour*, or his *hearts deſire*. For to ſay truth, it was a very confident thing for him to think that the People of *England* ſhould be Hector'd out of their Senſes by a ſingle *Gladiator* of St. *Omers*. However if it be impoſſible for him to Survive his Misfortunes, he may do as he pleaſes.

Thus we ſee upon what Supporters the Vindication of the *Engliſh* Catholicks is founded. Upon the *ipſe dixit* of the Vindicator himſelf, and the Atteſtations of the Criminals accus'd. The crime from which the Vindicator goes about to clear his Friends, is the Popiſh Plot. The way he aſſumes to accompliſh his ends, is to render the Diſcoverer infamous and contemptible, thereby to make their Credit Superiour to his. To this end, the Vindicator talks big of the Deponents Life and Converſation. But neither he nor any of the Atteſtators, with all their

Aſpick

Aſpick Venom and inveterate Malice, tax him with any of the common Vices incident to Youth. You hear not a tittle of thoſe, but only of his *ill Manners*. What theſe were they do not particularize. But at length we may pick 'em out, and they appear to be Paſſion and Aſpiring. Nay they croud in another *Peccadillo* too, which they call *Poverty*. To all which how many of the Greateſt among the Great, the Learnedſt among the Learned, the moſt Pious among the Pious have been Subject, I leave to all the World to judge who have read any thing of Story. This is ſtill but the miſconduct and miſcarriage of Humane Frailty, which it is at our Liberty, and which indeed we ought to forgive in one another. But Treaſon, Murder, Aſſaſſination of Princes, Firing of Cities are Crimes, Crimes of the higheſt Nature, Crimes which none can forgive but God and his Vice-gerent the King. This Perſon then, who while he liv'd among them, was no more than Paſſionate and Lofty, comes and Diſcovers a Popiſh Plot carry'd on by a Gang of Conſpirators againſt the King and Kingdom, makes out a Narrative of their Proceedings, and Sweares to the Truth of it. To acquit themſelves, they do not preſently come fairly to the Teſt, but as ſoon as they think that by their Magick Policies and Induſtrious Contrivances they have lull'd the Proſecution of their Villanies aſleep, they give Order to the Vindicator to deny the whole matter of Fact, from the *Alpha* to the *Omega* of it, and to call the Diſcoverer Rogue, Lyar, Perjur'd, to load him with Obloquy, and upon his own Dung hil to crow up their own Credit: while their Spies on the one ſide, watch him as the *Ichneuman* does the *Crocodiles* Eggs, and ſupply the Pen-man with Matter for his Scribblement, and they on the other ſide furniſh him with their own Atteſtations of their own Innocence, and by that means believe they ſhall diſcharge themſelves of a Paſſionate man. And why? becauſe they ſay the Credit of Traytors and Rebels is beyond the Oath of a man of *ill Manners* among them. Come, come, Beloved, this will never do; this is not the way to Vindicate your Friends nor your ſelves neither, by calling your accuſer, who has been ſmart enough with ye hitherto, Perjur'd and Lyer a t'other ſide the Sea, like the Carrier that defy'd the Lord Mayor upon *High gate-Hill*. Your cleareſt and moſt effective courſe will be to crave Paſſes, come over, enter the Liſts with him, beard him, face him, out-face him, diſprove him, turn him and wind him, and convince him into a *Niobean* ſilence. Then write your Vindication, you'l need no *Bilbo* Merchants then to help you out at a dead lift. Till you have done all this, your Atteſtations indeed may ſerve to make Pellets for Pot-guns, but though you ſhould hit your great Enemy full in the Breſt with a hundred of 'em, they will never do him a Pins worth of Harm.

But now to ſpeak a little more of their Credit, ſince they ſtand ſo much upon it, I do find in the Edict of Queen *Elizabeth* for their Expulſion out of *England*, that their Credit is highly there advanced for their lewd and deſperate Arrogance; for their prying into the Counſels of Princes; for their Exciting Forraign Potentates to invade the Queens Dominions; for their Libels againſt Her Government, and Traiterous attempts upon her Perſon. Vertues ſo proper for the carrying on ſuch a Plot as theſe men of credit are accus'd of, and out-facing and out-brazening it at a diſtance, when they have done, that I find no reaſon why men that are accus'd of

the

the ſame Crimes, men of the ſame clay, Pot-ſherds of the ſame tincture with thoſe that have been Branded for ſo many Ages, ſhould have that ill opinion of themſelves, as to think themſelves ſo unlikely to be Guilty; and ſo good an opinion of their muſty Atteſtations, as to put them in Competition with the ſolemn Oath of a Perſon never Criminal but in their Society.

This and what has been already ſaid at the beginning, may ſuffice to ſhew the value of this ſame ſo much exalted *Credit* of the Vindicators Order of *Jeſus*, which if they dare be ſo confident as to gain-ſay, I dare be ſo bold as to produce Twenty times as much more. So that with ſo little credit as they have to call the Diſcoverers Oath *worthleſs*, was but like the boaſt of a Bankrupt far from Neighbors.

To ſay the truth their Religion it ſelf is a Religion of no Credit. A Religion founded upon Forgery. A ſort of Devotion that no man of reaſon can admit into his Belief or Conſcience. A Religion in the Practice of its Profeſſors ſo Diametrically contrary to all the Precepts of the Founder of Chriſtianity that nothing can be more. Their Muſter Roll of Saints to be ſported with, as *Lucian* Laughs at the numerous Train of the Heathen Deities in his *Councel of the Gods*. Their Tranſubſtantiation to be contemned rather than diſputed againſt; Their Miracles as Fabulous as *Mandevil's* Travels. Their exceſſive Pomp, their inordinate Pride, their Luxury, their Sodomy ſo infamous, as if they plac'd all their felicity in the enjoyment of the pleaſures of this World. Their Superſtitions and Ceremonies Foppiſh and Ridiculous. In ſhort, a Religion which their Popes themſelves have vilify'd with their own mouths, while one deridingly retorted to his zealous Friend.

Non ſi chiava in queſta Religione, non durera.

Ne're make ſuch a buſtle about this Religion, 'twill not laſt.

And another exulting in his Riches, cry'd out.

O quantum nobis profuit hæc fabula de Chriſto?

Certainly then for the Profeſſors of a Religion of ſo little Credit, to advance their *worthleſs* Atteſtations above the Oath of a Perſon profeſſing a Religion ſo ſincere and Orthodox, as that of the Proteſtants, and for them to be believ'd, would be the greateſt Paradox in Nature. But it ſeems that having loſt its Religious Credit, it muſt be now ſupported by Bloody Maxims of State; by the Murder of Princes, and the Maſſacre of their Subjects. The firſt Religion in the World, that ever ſubſiſted by its own Eccleſiaſtical Politicks. The *Jews* loſt all by revolting from the Ordinances of God; they loſe all if they revolt from the Maxims of the Devil. The Maxims of the Papal Government are eaſie enough to be ſeen: by which it appears that the Popes of *Rome* have taken little notice of the Oracles of God, but altogether conſulted the moſt inward Receſſes and Penetralia of Humane Wit. Inſomuch as the Author of the Life of *Sixtus Quintus* tells ye, the reaſon of the Diuturnity of the Papal Government is not to be taken from the Verity of the Religion, but from

from this benefit peculiar to the Government, that it always falls into the hands of Old men, and consequently men Grave, Prudent and Considerative. Which is the cause that the Papal Government still gets ground, or at least never loses. Whereas other Monarchs being successive, and subject to the misconducts and miscarriages of Minors, Protectors and Favorites, lose more in a few years, than the Wisdom of many that succeed is able to make good. So then, what Trust or Credit there is to be given to the words, actions or Protestations of the Professors of the refined Politicks of Humane Wit, I leave to all the World to judge.

Yet certainly this exquisite Politeness, this studied exactness of Humane Policy, is not always the most successful, nor does it always obtain it's end. Sometimes those men of Parts peg up their Invention too high; or else while they Weave their designs so thin and subtle, they become transparent, and being discover'd, degenerate into Folly.

Assuredly such a piece of refin'd cunning, was that of the Jesuits, to think to clear themselves, by throwing their Crimes upon the Presbyterians. One of the greatest Arguments, no doubt, of their Guilt. For never in this World did Innocence go about to acquit it self the Recrimination of other. Reason and Justice requires, that the Guilty should clear themselves, before they accuse other people.

What the Papists, what the Jesuits, what the Popes themselves have been, what their Maxims and their Tenents are, we have already shewn, and shall do more if they require it, *viz.* That they have trampl'd upon the Heads and Crowns of Princes, been the Authors and Fomenters of most of the Rebellions of the Subjects of *Europe*. That their Political Tenents are the Extirpation of Hereticks, otherwise call'd the Destruction of Kingdoms, the Deposition and Murther of Princes, and to cover all, mental Reservations, and Equivocations with God and Man.

These men being now accus'd of no more than what has been their practice for so many years; These men, because they are Detected to have done no more than what is as natural to 'em as their Mothers Milk; to have acted only according to those Principles which they learn't with their first Rudiments of Spelling, to clear themselves, would fain throw their Crimes upon the *Presbyterians*; under that Notion aiming at the whole Body of the Protestants in general.

But the Presbyterians must bear the Burthen of their Calumnies, by reason of the miscarriages in the years forty two, before and after.

As for the Protestants in General, the Vindicator should have done well to have produced his Histories where they have been such Recorded Mutineers and Rebels against their Princes.

In *France* how lately were they the chiefest support of their Natural Soveraign against their Rebellious Papistical Subjects, whom the Pope and the Jesuits had Leagu'd together to their utter Extirpation.

The Protestants of the *Netherlands* could not be call'd Rebells, for that they made no opposition upon the account of Religion, but for the maintainance of their Antient Franchizes and priviledges, from the Oppression of the *Spaniard*, who was not their Lawful Soveraign neither. Nor did they do what they did, in a Tumultary way, but under the Conduct of a Prince, who had as much right to the Soveraignty among them, as *Philip* the Second. Nor did they during the contest, send any

one to Murther the King of *Spain*, as the Jeſuits, his great Creatures did to Aſſaſſinate two great Princes of the Houſe of *Naſſau*.

As for the Proteſtants of *Germany*, their Wars were carry'd on by their own Princes, who were as free as the Emperour himſelf.

The Proteſtants of *England* never got the Power of the Government into their hands by Rebellion, but by the act of their own Monarchs themſelves. By the aſſiſtance of the Proteſtants Queen *Mary* obtain'd the Crown. And the Proteſtants were they whom ſhe Martyr'd for their kindneſs, who yet nevertheleſs made no other reſiſtance againſt her, but by their patient ſubmiſſion to her Cruelty. But the Papiſts were they that were ſo reſtleſs in their Conſpiracies againſt Her Succeſſor.

But the Chief pretence of their Malitious cunning, is the late Rebellion in *England*, of which Presbyterians are by them charg'd to be the chief Deſigners, Authors and Inſtruments.

I muſt confeſs, there can be no Pen but that of a Jeſuites, that dares adventure to juſtifie that Rebellion. But ſince it was His Majeſties moſt Gratious Pleaſure that all the publick tranſgreſſions of thoſe years, ſhould be Buried in the Tomb of a General Oblivion, it was an unpardonable injury to His Majeſties Act of Pardon, to revive forgiven offences, to improve Scandals, and raiſe ſurmizes of Facts committed, for which there is not the leaſt appearance of Proof.

The Vindicator had a greater buſines then this to do, before he had open'd ſuch a Villainous abſurdity; that is, he ſhould have prov'd that the Papiſts and Jeſuits, were not the Abettors and Seducers of thoſe Presbyterians at that time, in regard they acted nothing but by their Doctrine and Principles, and that ſo truly, as if *Bellarmine*, *Leſſius*, *Suarez*, *Mariana*, and the reſt of that Crew had been their only Maſters.

Salmonet alſo in his Troubles of *England* tells us, that after the Battel of *Edge-hill*, ſeveral Prieſts were found among the Slain of the Parliaments Army. So Couragious were Popiſh Emiſſaries to accompany the Presbyterian Souldiers, for fear they ſhould falter in their Rebellious Fortitude. And it is the opinion of Wiſe and Learned men, that that Rebellion was rais'd and foſter'd by the contrivances of the Court of *Rome*.

When thoſe Presbyterians ſaw their errors, and had voted to reſtore the King with Honour and Safety, they were no longer for the Turn of the Jeſuitical Party, who preſently therefore forſook them, and joyn'd with the Army Party, that was not only the Stronger, but driving on the Deſign which they aim'd at themſelves, which was the Deſtruction of His Majeſty, to which intent and purpoſe they inſinuated themſelves into the Chief Committees of the Independent and Fift-Monarchy Faction.

For proof of which Dr. *De Moulin* tells ye of a Select Number of Jeſuits, that were ſent from the whole Number of Jeſuits in *England* to the *Sorbonne* at *Paris*, to conſult for the advancing and ſecuring the Catholick Cauſe in *England*, which they found no better way to bring to paſs, then by making away the King, who had then yielded to the making ſeveral Acts for Extirpation of Popery. He tells ye of one *Sarabras* that was preſent, and Triumphing at the Murther of the King; and of a certain Prieſt and Confeſſor, who when he ſaw the Fatal Stroak given, flouriſhed his Sword and cry'd out, *Now the Greateſt Enemy we have in the World is gone.* And the Author of *Fair Warning* affirms, that one Father

ther *Sibthorp*, in a Letter to Father *Medcalfe*, acknowledged that the Jeſuits were the Contrivers of the Kings Murther. And it was the Opinion of Secretary *M.* that the Irreligion of the Papiſts was chiefly guilty of the Murther of the late King, the Odium whereof, they were then about to file to the account of the Proteſtants. Now that men of ſuch leud Principles as theſe, men ſo ſtrongly accus'd, and ſo likely to be Guilty, and of whoſe Number ſome have already Suffer'd upon the ſame Accuſations, I ſay that ſuch men ſhould go about to invalidate the Teſtimony that appears againſt them, by recriminating upon another Party before they have acquitted themſelves, and that ſo unſeaſonably and with ſo little probability of proof, was one of the moſt Sottiſh pieces of Jeſuitical cunning that ever Hiſtory Recorded.

It ſeems then, that if the Jeſuits Plot had not been Diſcover'd, the Presbyterians never had been heard of. But the Jeſuits Plot being once brought to Light, they began to look about 'em, and ſo they found the Presbyterian Plot in a Midwives Meal-Tub. Here was ſtrange good luck, and ſtrange bad luck; ſtrange good luck, to find a Plot ſo Miraculouſly; Strange bad luck, to make ſo little of it. And what was the Reaſon? Becauſe it was a Jeſuitical not a Presbyterian Plot. And indeed it was a wonderful ſymptome of deſpair, and that they were come to the laſt puſh, to hope for ſucceſs from a Plot carry'd on in a hurrey, that had fail'd ſo unhappily in the Conſultations and premeditations of ſo many years. But there is yet a greater Argument of the pretended Presbyterian Plot, for that it was not plac'd right, as being fix'd upon Men that were become thoſe *Fœlices Agricolæ*, that now well underſtood their own happineſs. perſons that have a fairer proſpect of their own Intereſt and Safety, as deeply underſtanding both to be ſo entirely wrapt up in the Safety of His Majeſty, as abſolutely to oblige them to venture their Lives and Fortunes for the Preſervation of His Sacred Perſon, His Crown and Monarchical Dignity. Therefore it was that they were ſo Cordially Zealous, and zealouſly aſſiſting in his Reſtoration; ſince which they have enjoy'd thoſe Bleſſed Fruits of Freedom, Reſt and Peace, of which Men of their prudence would never go about to deprive themſelves by the Folly of a Meal-Tub Plot, or to ſully that Reputation for their Loyalty, wherein they have ever ſince continu'd, with deſigns and Counſels, the moſt Ridiculous and vain that ever Vanity it ſelf produc'd. They cannot be ignorant of that Immortal hatred which the Court of *Rome* and the Jeſuits bear them. *Campian* the Jeſuit has told 'em roundly the Intention of his Aſſociates. *As for our Society*, ſaith he, *I would have you to know*, writing to the Counſellers of the Queen of *England*, *That all we who are of the Order of Jeſus, where-ever diſperſed over the face of the whole World, have made a Holy League, to extirpate the Heretiçks by all means and ways whatever, whereby we ſhall eaſily ſurmount all your Contrivances againſt Us, nor ſhall we ever deſpair as long as one of Us remains alive.* So then it would be the moſt inconſiderate piece of Rage, the moſt beſotted piece of Fury in the World, for Proteſtants to lend their helping hand to aſſiſt the Malice of ſuch an Inveterate Enemy for the Deſtruction of each other. And conſequently ſo little to be ſuſpected from the Wiſdom and Piety of the Presbyterians, that it would be almoſt a Crime to mention it farther.

And

And now to Conclude, let the World take this Character of the Scandalizer of the Presbyterians, and the Vindicator of the *Engliſh* Catholicks, that he is a man of the moſt paſſion, and the leaſt Reaſon that ever put Pen to Paper, and ſo I leave him againſt next time, to learn more Wit and more Manners.

THE END.

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